

BRAVE CITIZENS

HEROES
of
PEACE

F. J. GOULD

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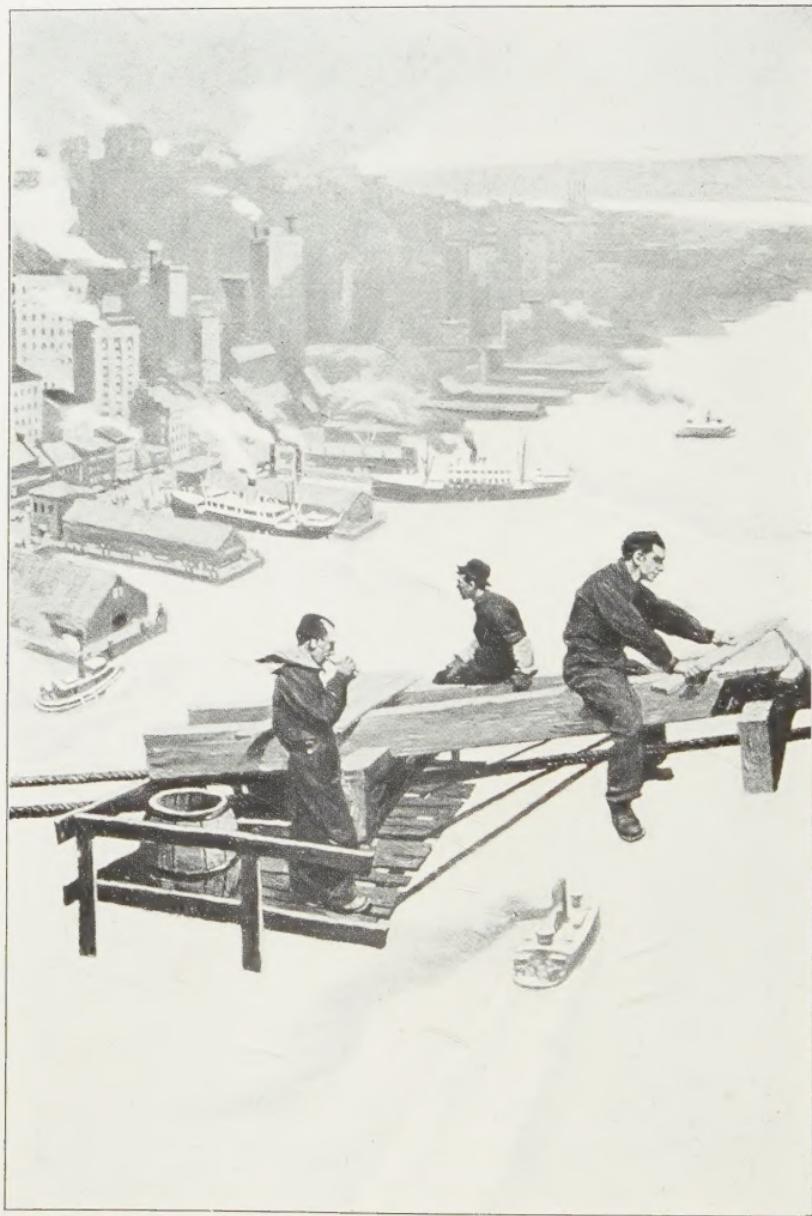
Nation wars against nation instead of against its own poverty.—ELIZABETH GIBSON.

Nought can deform the human race
Like to the armourer's iron brace;
The soldier armed with sword and gun
Palsied strikes the summer's sun.

—WILLIAM BLAKE.

On earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE II. 14.

We must expect from the instinct of construction sympathetic influences of greater directness and completeness than those of the instinct of destruction.—AUGUSTE COMTE.



WITH THE TEMPORARY CABLES IN PLACE, THE WORKMEN BEGIN
BUILDING A FOOT-PATH

BRAVE CITIZENS

HEROES OF PEACE

BY

F. J. GOULD

AUTHOR OF
"VICTORS OF PEACE"
"THE CHILDREN'S PLUTARCH"

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
G. P. GOOCH, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED

APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL
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BOOKS BY
F. J. GOULD

THE CHILDREN'S PLUTARCH.

INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

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TALES OF THE ROMANS. 16mo. Illustrated.

BRAVE CITIZENS.

HEROES OF PEACE. 16mo. Illustrated.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book of Heroes of Peace needs no commendation to those who have learned the charm and the stimulus of Mr. Gould's story-telling in *The Children's Plutarch*. Nor is it necessary to add any message to the thousands who have heard Mr. Gould's engrossing lectures in this country, for his readers and hearers have learned his felicity in the kind of story-telling which enchains interest while it drives home a point. For those who have not as yet had the good fortune to read or to hear Mr. Gould these graphic stories of "Brave Citizens" who were heroes and victors of peace, often historic, always real, will open a fresh field of interest, a field of perennial significance, and one peculiarly engrossing and suggestive at the time when this book is published.

In the preparation of "Brave Citizens" for American readers certain revision and rearrangement and certain annotations have been permitted. It will be seen that Mr. Gould, although his

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immediate professional work in the interests of peace and ethical training is in London, has nevertheless journeyed extensively in this country and has drawn freely upon American material for this volume and the companion volume, *Victors of Peace*. He has based many of his tales upon themes like the California miner, the Wisconsin lumberman, the Fisheries arbitration, the triumphs of irrigation, and the laying of the Atlantic cable, in which America, the originator, shared with England. They are wonderful tales for young and old, these epics of peaceful conquest, which stand as permanent sign-posts pointing the better path. Such guides have a constructive significance which is not present in simple denunciations of the futility and wickedness of war.

R. H.

NEW YORK, December, 1914.

PREFACE

THE following stories have been written with the definite object of directing the minds of readers toward the ideal of peace on earth and good-will among men.

Progress springs from, and carries with it, a revision of values; the advance takes place along many lines, and worthier ideals gradually displace those of an earlier stage of civilization. Foremost among these newer and nobler conceptions is the recognition of the brotherhood of man, the conviction that co-operation is better than strife and that reason is a fairer arbiter than force. Milton took a step forward when he declared that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. We, in turn, have advanced since the seventeenth century, and the world is now beginning to realize that it is only the victories of peace which are worth winning.

The spirit of adventure, the thrill of danger, the love of romance have made war the chosen theme of the poet and the historian throughout the

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centuries. For thousands of years children have been taught that the hero is he who dies fighting for his country or his chief.

Every child is an idealist. He is filled with the spirit of chivalry, and glows at the story of heroism and self-sacrifice. He has a right to such nourishment. But the teacher must take care that he receives it in the form which corresponds to the ideals of perfect manhood. The lessons which have been enforced from the pages of war must henceforth be illustrated from the records of peace. The glories of war exist only for those who know not what it means. A lady once remarked to Wellington, "What a glorious thing a victory must be!" The Iron Duke replied, "Madam, there is only one thing more awful, and that is a defeat."

The belief that lingers in school-books and newspapers that war is the mother of the higher virtues will never yield to a frontal attack. It must be fought, as intemperance must be fought, by counter-attractions, by building up a rival ideal. The qualities which have won it a reputation as a school of patriotism must be shown at work in the service of other and nobler causes.

The highest glory, the crown of endeavor, is the service of man. That is the message of this book. To make the rough way smooth, to cause the wilderness to blossom as the rose, to give rest to

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the weary and the heavy-laden, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction—such are the ideals which Mr. Gould's stories hold up to our children for their admiration and guidance. The heroic qualities that in less-advanced ages sought their outlet on the stricken field now find their scope in the changes and chances of our daily life—in the mine, the factory, and the life-boat, in the battle against industrial and tropical diseases, in the conquest and adaptation of nature to human needs. The Carnegie Hero Fund gives utterance to the deep conviction of our time that the humblest citizen may be a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that true glory must be sought and won in the service of our common humanity.

Frontiers remain, and the pulse of national life beats strongly. But civilization has become international. Similar problems—political, economic, moral—clamor for solution in every country; similar evils have to be fought, similar ideals beckon. Every day civilized mankind is becoming more conscious of its essential unity. In such a world, the mere thought of war is a degradation. Children—and not only children—will learn from Mr. Gould that the best soldier is he who wars most bravely against crime and cruelty, against ignorance and waste, against disease and sin.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

G. P. GOOCH.

HEROES OF PEACE

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HATE WAR: LOVE HUMANITY

THE bugle rang out as the sun went low, and trees threw long shadows on the dead Germans and Frenchmen who lay on the grass of the fields of Gravelotte in the summer of 1870. It was the signal for the roll-call at the close of battle, and there followed the tramp of many hoofs as the Life Guards of the French army trotted to their position. But there were horses—three hundred of them—without riders who answered the call of the bugle. Many of these were wounded, and some hobbled on three legs; and if they could have used their brains for thinking, as men think, they might have wondered why living creatures should hurt one another in battles of shot and sword. Who can tell the pain borne by mules and horses and elephants in the wars of the East and the West?

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War brings suffering to our animal servants and friends.

Little George Brandes, afterward a great Danish writer, used to play with tin soldiers, and in the streets and spaces of Copenhagen he would often see the living soldiers clad in gay clothes, adorned with shakos, and drilling to the merry sound of drums and fifes. So, to George, a soldier meant play, brightness, and beauty. When a war broke out, and news of victory came, then war meant play, brightness, beauty, and winning. But one day Mrs. Brandes sat on a little raised platform near the window of the drawing-room and worked at her sewing-table. The door leading to the kitchen was suddenly opened. The maid rushed in.

“Has Madame heard?”

“Heard what?”

“Our warship *Christian VIII.* has been blown up by the enemy, and the ship *Gefion* is captured; and so many poor Danes are killed or prisoners.”

“Is it possible?” exclaimed Mrs. Brandes, and then she sobbed bitterly.

George had never before seen his mother cry, and he grieved at her grief. He now knew that war meant suffering to men, women, and children. When news came that a young man known to the Brandes family had escaped from the enemy by donning a civilian’s dress he also knew that war

HATE WAR: LOVE HUMANITY

meant terror, flight, and concealment—and concealment meant deceit.

George's mother's grandfather was an old-fashioned Dane, who used to wear the high boots of the past fashion, with little tassels in front. His memory went back to the battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, at which the Danish fleet was beaten by the English and Nelson. Bitter was his memory of that day, and he used to say:

"If I could only live to see a Danish man-o'-war grapple with an English ship and sink it I should be happy. The English are the most disgraceful pack of robbers in the world."

But English boys have been taught to recite the lines in which the poet joyfully tells of the smashing of the fleet of Denmark:

Of Denmark and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone.

To one side war meant glory; to the other these glorious warriors were a "disgraceful pack of robbers."

Children of England and America and the world, is it not time to hate war?

An English traveler visited the town of Oulou, in Finland, and talked with a schoolmaster about

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Russia and the harsh way in which Russia treated the Finns.

“But Finland cannot fight Russia,” said the Englishman.

“Oh yes, she can,” replied the schoolmaster. “We can make big guns to fight Russia; yes, here in Oulou we make them. Would you like to see the foundry?”

As they spoke they reached the gates of a large school, whence children ran out.

“There, sir,” said the teacher, “is the foundry, and the guns are now going to dinner! The children are our hope. They will help progress, civilization, humanity.”

I am not sure whether the schoolmaster was thinking of the boys becoming soldiers; but I incline to think he meant that the children—girls and boys—would grow up so shrewd, so valiant, and so sensible that they would resist their oppressors by wit and reason rather than by weapons. In any case, the children of the twentieth century may employ their wit and reason, and bravely and wisely invent means of settling quarrels without the murderous steel and shell.

At the International Peace Congress of 1896 at Budapest an Italian gentleman who had once been a captain in the army lifted his little son on to a table and he said to the meeting:

HATE WAR: LOVE HUMANITY

“May I speak a word, so that you all may hear, to the youngest member of this Congress?”

Then he lifted his hand above the eight-year-old child’s head and exclaimed:

“I beg you, my son, to *hate war* and *love humanity*; and I beg you to teach the same to your own children in the future—*hate war* and *love humanity*.”

To you children who read this page the same message sounds. For you, and all the children of the world, for you and your children’s children, a House of Peace has been built on the Dutch shore; and in this palace of justice men will sit as judges to decide the cause of nation against nation. Its marble, its wood, its brass, and its iron and bronze are sacred, because they give walls and roofs and home to the Hague Tribunal. Here, at the Hague in Holland, is the seat of the Court of Arbitration for the trying of lawsuits between people and people.

“Hate War; love Humanity.”

THE RED CROSS

MULBERRY trees and vines, fields and meadows, rocks and hills, ditches crossing farms, villages peeping among trees, a blazing Italian sun above all. It was Friday, June 24, 1859.

On this scene, and at this time, lived and moved, early in the morning, three hundred thousand strong men, mostly young—white-coated Austrians on the one side, and Frenchmen and Italians on the other; and there were generals, captains, trumpeters, drummers, banners. They were at war over the question, “Should Austria have rule in the north of Italy?”

At about three o’clock, as day broke, the French marched toward the village of Solferino. Drums and clarions sounded on all sides, and the young men stepped forward. During the fifteen hours of horror that followed few had time to eat. The French had drunk coffee while it was yet dark; the Austrians had nothing that day but a double ration of brandy.

For the honor of France, for the honor of Italy,

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for the honor of Austria—a storm of shot, a storm of bombs, a storm of dust, of cries of rage, of blood. If the hundreds of thousands of mothers of these men could have been borne to the battle-field of Solferino they would have seen their sons with blinded eyes, with hands cut off, with jaws broken, with bodies torn open. . . .

Here and there a black flag floated. It told of the hut or tent where wounded men lay, and where pale doctors cut off legs, arms, fingers, in order to save life. But hosts of the wounded had fallen among bushes, in ditches, on waysides, and they lost blood, and their thirst was sore, and many died without one drink of water. All through the night men prayed for drink, and none gave unto them; and ghouls and robbers pulled at corpses, tearing off clothes and seizing rings and rifling knapsacks. For three days and three nights spades dug graves, and the dead were flung in as dung is flung upon a heap. Wounded soldiers groaned in cottages, in halls, in churches, in convents, in schools, in courts—everywhere the places seemed all of a sudden to have become hospitals, but without enough nurses, without enough surgeons, without enough lint, bandages, bedding, food.

Most of the wounded had been taken to the small town of Castiglione. They were placed on

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straw. Huts had been made in haste of planks, shaded by carpets. Hot was the sun; thick was the dust. And in and out among these scenes of misery walked a young Swiss named J. Henri Dunant. In his ears, as a child, his good mother had told the charm of love, of good-will, of brotherhood; and he had kept this charm in his heart as a man; and he had heard with keen mind the message of humanity spoken by three women—Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker, who comforted the sorrowful prisoners; Harriet Beecher Stowe, who painted the sufferings of the negro in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and Florence Nightingale, who tended the wounded in the Crimean War of 1854-55. With this message stamped on his soul Dunant watches the blood-stained straw and the moaning soldiers in Castiglione. He sees:

A soldier, part of whose face had been sliced off by the blow of a saber; the nose, lips, and chin are divided by a huge cut from the rest of the head. He cannot speak; he is half blind; he shakes his hands, to signal that he needs water.

A soldier is dying; his head is cut open. . . . Let the rest be untold.

A corporal has a bullet in his left side; he has but a few moments to live, and he cries to Dunant:

“Oh, sir, write to my father, and bid him console my mother!”

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In haste Dunant takes the name and address—and the corporal is dead.

“I don’t want to die,” cries a sturdy grenadier. To him Dunant speaks gently and kindly, and the voice of pity soothes his fear; and the grenadier falls into the slumber of death like a child that goes to sleep in its cot.

One of the enemy’s soldiers (all soldiers are enemies of some other soldiers)—a Hungarian—had his groin and waist all torn by many shots; his body was swollen, and its hue was green and black, and he shrieked for aid. Dunant sought to comfort his wounds with damp lint and to make a soft couch for him, but it was in vain—ere long he also died.

A hundred men were laid along the walls of a building in two rows. Dunant helped in dressing their wounds, in serving them with soup. Their eyes thanked him.

It fell out that a year later, as Dunant passed along the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, a soldier who had lost a limb stopped him.

“Sir,” he said, “let me thank you for the aid you gave us fellows at Castiglione. We used to call you the White Man because you wore a suit of white clothes, and we looked on the White Man with gladness.”

A Croat, a soldier from the Austrian army, had been shot. The surgeon drew the bullet out.

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Instead of thanking him the Croat seized the bullet and threw it at the doctor's head with a look of hatred.

Dunant and the doctors helped all—French, Italians, Croats, Bohemians, and Germans. The women of the town came with lint, bandages, water, food; and they did as the White Man did. They gave succor to all.

“All brothers,” said the women.

Dunant went on the next Monday to see General MacMahon, the Duke of Magenta, and begged him to allow Austrian doctors, prisoners in the French camps, to attend to the wounded, French included. The Duke sent him to the Emperor Napoleon III., who at once agreed to the plan, promising that such Austrians would be among the first to gain their freedom when the hospital work was done.

The White Man begged the ladies of Geneva, in Switzerland (he himself was a Genevan), to give help, and they answered with help straightway.

A few days later, at a meeting of Italian ladies in the city of Milan, Dunant stood and expressed a grand idea:

“On all battle-fields let there be tents, ambulances, hospitals, over which some flag—the same for all nations—shall hang as a mark of sacredness, and no bullet shall be shot at these shelters for the sick and wounded.”

As a word of hope and life the speech of the

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White Man flew from mouth to mouth, town to town, land to land.

At Geneva, in October, 1863, a conference was held. Men had come as messengers (delegates) from the governments of Austria, France, Great Britain, Spain, Netherlands, Prussia, and six other German states, Sweden, and Switzerland. They exchanged ideas; they agreed. Each country should have its own society, but on the field of war each society should be ready to lend aid to any other society, and the one thought of all was to relieve the sick and wounded—"all brothers"; and on the top of each field-hospital would flutter a white flag crossed with a red cross, and on the arm of each servant of mercy would be worn a badge—white, bearing a red cross. The Germans of Württemberg formed the first society. Ten societies were formed in 1864; in 1865, three; and so on. To-day all the civilized world respects the Red Cross. Hospital-ships fly the same proud banner, and Mercy rides her chariot, as once old Neptune did, on the waves of the sea. In one war—that between France and the Germans in 1870-71—the German societies gave help to half a million sick and wounded, both German and French. Since then the numbers blessed by the care of the Red Cross have been countless. Du-nant was ever on the watch to add more nations to the list. In 1873 the Shah of Persia visited

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London. The White Man approached him with the earnest request:

“Let Persia join the Convention of Geneva.”

The Shah agreed.

Henri Dunant spent much of his substance in this work; he made himself poor. In his old age he came very near to want. Then the world recalled his generous deeds. The Nobel Prize was given him, and the money raised him to comfort. He died in his native Switzerland in 1910.

With his name we must join another—that of Gustave Moynier, also Swiss. He was one of the first to assist Dunant’s splendid idea. He never grew weary of the Red Cross cause. It was Moynier who first entered Paris when the city was surrendered to the Germans in 1871. The Germans entered as conquerors. Gustave Moynier entered as an apostle of love, taking with him loads of provisions for the starving citizens.

Blessings be on the memories of Dunant and Moynier. Souls such as theirs lend fire and courage to other souls who march together in the holy name of Peace.¹

¹ Books consulted: Dunant’s *Souvenir de Solferino*; Moynier’s *Red Cross* (translated in 1883); and *Les origines de la croix-rouge*, published in 1900 by Lindheimer at Stuttgart.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

(INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION)

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.

—LADY NAIRNE.

Men with long, big boots jump into boats and row across the harbor to the "trawlers"—fishing-vessels moved by sails or steam. In the black night they climb on to their ships, and in the black night they pass out into the wide sea. They will be from home for a few days, a week—perhaps two months. At dawn lads scrub the decks with short-handled brooms; others light fires for the boiling of water. If fishing is going on none can sit at ease and take breakfast in a cabin; they drink from iron mugs as they squat on deck. The air in the cabins is close and warm, and the floor wet and slippery.

When the fishing-ground is reached—the Dogger Bank, or some such spot—the great nets are dropped and drawn to and fro in water that is one

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hundred or two hundred, or even more, feet deep, and the ship slowly travels here and there, the net below sweeping soles, plaice, skate, haddock, whiting, halibut, etc., into the meshes. When the net is raised the captured fish are flung on deck and the net is again lowered. The fish are mingled with seaweed, crabs, etc., and must needs be sifted out, cleaned, packed; there are no idle moments for the workers. The trawler may bear its own load of fish home, or may pass the fish on to big steamers that often come out on purpose to carry off to port the treasures of the sea. And in a short time many an English family is making meals of the fish caught by the seamen with such toil and patience.

Dutch fishers catch millions of shrimps. As soon as the haul appears in the raised net and the tiny fish are thrown out men go down on their knees to pick out the shrimps; and when the air is chill the fingers of the sorters are hard nipped by the frost. Now and then a worse thing happens—a stray crab bites deep into the flesh of a fisherman. Every year lives are lost through men being caught in the net as it is heaved overboard in the dusk at evening or in the twilight of early dawn.

From the coasts of England, Norway, Denmark, and France men go out in fleets across the Atlantic—twelve hundred miles—to earn their

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livelihood in the cod-fishery. Most of these toilers of the sea are Bretons—that is, natives of rocky and wave-beaten Brittany. The Breton boat which goes out for the first time is sprinkled with holy water, and in the cabins are placed a crucifix, an image of the Blessed Mary, some flowers made of paper, and so on. A priest blesses the fleet ere it departs; and then the Breton watchers—wives, daughters, sweethearts, and friends—gaze till the ships melt into the far gray or blue of the horizon. The fleet sails to the banks near distant Iceland. Another and more famous ground is the sea near Newfoundland, and in the summer days more than seventy thousand vessels may be at work in the Newfoundland waters. Cod are heavy fish, and severe is the labor of hauling them up on deck. Then the cod-fish have to be cut, cleaned, salted, piled in heaps, packed in rooms below deck. A fog may come on, and the water grows colder, and the air is deadly chill, and the neighbor ships cannot be seen, but the sound of their hooters pierces the dark and terrible mists.

In the North Sea¹ thousands of fishermen watch by night and draw up the tremendous nets, which carry countless herrings; and strong must

[¹The scattering of those secret and terrible engines of destruction called mines in the North Sea in 1914 had as one of its ghastly results the death of inoffensive fishermen.]

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be the hands that grip the nets which tremble with the living fish, and are in some parts heavy with the dead.

Along the Cornish shores the boats go out for pilchard—a sardine-like fish. The trouble of netting the pilchard may be added to by the blue sharks which make rushes at the catch and break the nets as they bite the fish. Busy hands of women cure the pilchards in the curing-yards—that is, salt the fish after they have been sorted into sizes and then pile them up in stacks five or six feet high. After a few weeks the pilchards are washed and packed.

Sharp and warning rises the shout when a conger-eel is found in a net and is seen wriggling its huge body—six, seven, or eight feet long—across the deck. It can bite so fiercely and so keenly that its teeth grip a man's leg or arm like nails driven by a hammer. Even when the eel's head is divided from its body the teeth still hold on to the unhappy fisherman's leg or arm, and his comrades have hard work to drag the horrid head and jaws from their wounded friend's body.

Not less dreadful is the catfish, a creature six feet long, which snaps like an angry cat. When the cry is heard, "Beware, a catfish!" all the crew are on the alert, and one of the quickest springs forward and strikes the beast across the

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

head, and drives a knife-blade into its slippery flesh and pins it to the plank of the deck.

In the Mediterranean Sea sponges grow along the sea-bottom, often many fathoms deep. Divers leap into the water, taking with them a rope which is attached to the ship above. At the end of the rope is a white stone, which the diver lays on the ocean-bed. Even if he goes away from his ship he can keep his eyes on the white stone as his guide, and when he wishes to rise to the surface he shakes the rope in a way which is understood by his friends above. Of course he can only stay below a few minutes, and all this time he is fully employed in tearing sponges from the rocks and tucking them under his left arm or into a bag. Sharks may attack him, but as a rule these dreaded fish are scared away by the noise and splash of boats and divers. The undressed divers still work at the trade, but the diver in the well-known "dress" now goes down for sponges and may be able to stay on the bed of the sea for so long as an hour. If he needs more air he signals, or if less air he gives another kind of signal. His heart may grow faint under the pressure of air and water, and woe be to the diver if he is not hauled up quickly to the vessel.

It would take many pages to tell of all the perils and hardships of the fisherman's life. Think for a moment of the danger which threatens the East-

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Indians who catch turtle in water that abounds with sharks. The men, naked and dark-skinned, leap into the sea and throw themselves upon the lazy-looking turtles and try to turn them toward the ships. They must not only think of their prey; they must also think of themselves, for at any moment a shark may spring upon the hapless Indian. So the turtle-catcher rides upon the shell of his prisoner in such a way that he almost kneels upon it, and only his feet and ankles dip into the water. Meanwhile he and his friends—on turtle-back or on board the boats—shriek and yell their hardest in order to frighten away the sharks.

Of quite another kind is the danger suffered by the seal-catcher in the north. It is nothing alive that he dreads, but it is the ice which floats in heavy blocks upon the sea, tossing and leaping all about his boat. If the seal-catcher is caught between two of these cold, shining blocks his little boat may be crushed like match-wood. The boatman may spring upon an ice block, but if the current bears him the wrong way he may be borne to sea while his companions look on in despair and watch him gradually drift to his death.

I will not say we should pay more honor to the fisherman than to other workers who snatch from nature the food and comforts that we daily enjoy. But very few of us can follow his course on the waters, and we are apt to look upon the fish at

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our meals as if such food came as easily and quietly as the strawberries in the garden or the potatoes in the field. The strawberry-gatherer and the potato-grower also belong to the honorable band of servants who supply the countless needs of mankind. But we can see them, and they are known to us in all their movements, while the fisherman sails out of our sight and labors miles away from our cottage or villa. Far be it from me to say a word to lessen the respect given to the sailors on our men-o'-war; but while Jack Tar on a battle-ship is cheered by the crowd in the street, and sometimes honored by the salute of a king or a president, the life of his brother seaman who catches the cod, the herring, or the pilchard is lived in the duller places of the ocean, without gay flags, without cheers, and without the music of bands.¹

Children, salute the fisherman.

A PEACE NOTE

On Wednesday, September 7, 1910, there were three places in the world that turned, as it were, their faces to one another and looked at one another with serious eyes—The Hague in Holland, Great Britain, and the United States.

¹ The particulars here given are based upon an excellent descriptive work on *The Romance of the World's Fisheries*, by Sidney Wright, published by Seeley & Co.

HEROES OF PEACE

Through the summer, for some ten weeks, an arbitration court had met at the Hague, gazed closely at spread-out maps, listened to the speeches of lawyers, and brooded as men brood who try to solve a puzzle.

There were questions before the court. These questions had to do with a dispute, and the dispute was as to the rights of Newfoundland fishermen and United States fishermen in the waters off the great island opposite the mouth of the river St. Lawrence. In the year 1818 the British people and the American people had agreed that Americans might fish along the coast, outside a line three miles off. Quarrels arose. Three miles — did this mean that you would draw a straight line from one headland of a bay to the opposite headland, and fish three miles from that? Or could you go into the bays and fish anywhere so long as you kept three miles away from the shore? This was one question, and there were six others.

On September 7th the judges of the court gave their judgment. It took two hours to read. As to the bays, the straight-line measure was to be followed. And other points in the judgment were such as these: American ships might take shelter in certain bays or harbors for forty-eight hours without paying tolls; also, the American ships might have any sort of crews the owners desired—American men, or men of other nations, and so on.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

In a few hours newspapers were printing articles about the award, and people in trains, motors, cars, restaurants, streets, homes, were busily expressing their ideas. But neither in Britain nor in America did any voice say:

“Let us cast aside the award!”

The award of the Tribunal was sacred. It was sacred between two great nations which had pledged their word beforehand to bow to the judgment of the judges at The Hague.

Like a signal flashing from ship to ship, from cape to cape, from shore to shore, the award would be a law to the fishermen in the Newfoundland seas.

THE CHEERFUL LOSERS

(ARBITRATION IN AN AMERICAN MINING-CAMP)

A RIVER five hundred miles long runs its royal course along a great valley and rolls into the Pacific Ocean near the city of San Francisco. On each side of the valley of this Sacramento River rise mountains. The eastern mountains are the higher, and their hard granite rocks are often whitened by snow.

In 1849¹ men with quick step and eager eye streamed into this country from all sides—along hill roads, valley roads, roads from the east, roads from the north, roads from the south, and roads from the sea on the west. They searched the land like rabbits burrowing in a warren—in open places where all was light, in dark corners, in narrow gulches where brooks babbled, in oak woods, in caves; and even to the beaches of the

[¹ Gold was discovered January 19, 1848, on Colonel Sutter's land by James Wilson Marshall. On February 2, 1848, California and New Mexico were ceded to the United States by the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, made with Mexico. The treaty was proclaimed in California in August, 1848.]

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ocean some wandered; and with cutting spade and sharp pick they all grubbed in mother earth for gold—for gold nuggets, gold dust.

Each digger had his small plot—his very own “claim,” as he called it—and there, with eyes that stared like the hawk’s and hands that worked like a tireless machine, they hunted for the yellow gold. Few girls or women were to be seen in these mining-camps. The miners washed their own clothes, mended and patched and darned, baked their own bread, boiled their own pork and beans. They drank whisky freely; they swore, fought, and stabbed with knives and shot with pistols. Yet all was not riot and evil. If a man fell ill his mates nursed him. If he lost his goods or toiled at his claim and found no precious metal his comrades lent him a helping hand. Whoso thieved was whipped or hanged. Whoso faced his fellows with honest look and brave heart was respected. No doubt even a manly and true soul might suffer hurt; he might be robbed or murdered. But on the whole the law of the camp was strong for the side of honor, and death to the foul and mean.

This law of the camp was not a law made by judges or Parliament-men in Congress. The time I speak of is the year 1849 and the years just following; and it was the time of the gold-rush to California; and so swift and mad was the rush that followed

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to the Sacramento Valley, and the rocks of Nevada, and the ravines and gorges of Oregon, that court-houses and prisons, in any proper sense, were not yet known, and the miners had to be a law unto themselves. Every now and then they would throw down pick and shovel and gather in a meeting, choose a chairman, and in loud voices and with rattling oaths, perhaps, and yet with a noble wish to get the right thing done, they would discuss the business for which they were called together. It might be to punish an evildoer; it might be to decide between two or more quarrelsome comrades. Hands shot up for "Nay" or "Yea," and the will of the folk was declared, and pistol, knife, whip, or club would threaten pain or death to such as defied the camp.

To-day the California land is largely farm-land, and the steam-plow works or the gardener plants where once the miners—American, Spanish, English, Irish, Scottish, Welsh, French, Dutch, German, etc.—sweated in the hollows and ravines, or on the plains, or on the slopes of the hills. But to this day there are places whose names whisper of the gold-rush days—Loafer Hill, Mad Mule Gulch, Gouge Eye, Rat-trap Slide, and Shirt-tail Cañon.

In the year 1851 in a ravine at a mining-camp known as Scotch Bar a number of men pecked and grubbed and peeped among rock and gravel until they saw signs of gold. There were twenty

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or more men who searched; and they had started on this quest in two parties, a dozen or so in each party.

Two things were certain:

1. Gold was found in the ravine.
2. It was found by men who belonged to this group of twenty or more.

But which party found it first?

Each claimed the ownership of the golden gravel of Scotch Bar. It was not long before every man in each party had armed himself with blade, revolver, or gun. They told the tale to other miners, and each side was joined by recruits ready to fight to the death. On one bank of the ravine, or gulch, stood one party, on the opposite the others. Fists clenched, eyes glaring, threats, shouts, pistol-shots! By good hap none was even wounded. The sound of the firing brought all the camp to the gulch. A few minutes of fearful hubbub followed. Then came a quiet moment. Firm voices were heard speaking peace.

“Here is a knot we cannot untie ourselves,” so said the voices of peace; “it is too hard a question for the camp-meeting. Which of us has the wit to examine a score of witnesses and weigh up all the evidences for and against? It is a case for more skilful brains. Let us go outside the camp and its law. Let us settle the business by *arbitration*.”

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Knives, pistols, guns were still. They had no word to say in arbitration cases! Yes, the idea was good. But how was it to be carried out? Many a head shaded by a broad-brimmed miner's hat was like to ache with the thought. How? how?

"Let us choose a committee," said the voices of peace, "and let this committee drop their picks and shovels for a day or two and tramp down to the city of San Francisco. In 'Frisco will be found hard-headed lawyers—yes, and even some wise judge who understands gold-claims and the camp law; and let these scholars come here and inquire and argue the case for each party, and we will stand by to see fair play."

Fair play, fair play! Oh rivers and hills of California, you never heard more glorious words!

"And the judge shall give his verdict for this or that side; and—by America, comrades!—we will support the judge; and if he says A has gained the suit, let it be A! And if he says A has lost, then A has lost, and the camp will rally to the judge as one man!"

The woods and rocks of Scotch Bar rang with the cheers of the gold-miners.

"Now, when it is clear," said the voices of peace, "that one side is in the right and has won the case let us not be hard on the losers. Lawyers and judge will cost money. But we will not force

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the losers to pay costs, for it is bad enough for them to lose the golden gravel. The winners shall pay!"

The winners shall pay—such was the will of Scotch Bar. Such, indeed, is not the custom of the law courts of the world; but we admire the manly spirits of the miners which would not let the beaten party bear a double burden of loss of case and payment of expenses.

So the committee tumbled off to San Francisco and after a while got the lawyers and got the long-headed judge and brought them up to Scotch Bar, and the arbitration began. There was a waiting-time while the lawyers walked over the ground and asked hundreds of questions, so as to get up their cases. Then the trial opened. Witnesses answered questions; witnesses contradicted each other; witnesses stammered, roared, and came to dead stops. At length the judge summed up, and all the camp was as silent as the stars while he gave his judgment. One party lost the case—the proofs were quite against them; the others were first on the ground. The trial had lasted, on and off, for many days, but the business was ended, and the camp praised the 'Frisco lawyers and the shrewd judge.

As soon as the judgment was given and the court, so to speak, was closed a big crowd collected at the ravine of the golden gravel. Hun-

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dreds of miners who were too excited to attend to their own "claims" that day stood on each bank of the narrow ravine and watched the winners picking, shoveling, sifting, sorting. With iron spoons the winners scraped out pellets of gold dust and dropped them into pans.

Murmurs of wonder among the crowd of sight-seers.

Heads were bent forward over the banks. The winners had little time to look up to meet the eyes of the losers. Their iron spoons clattered as the grains of gold and crystal, mixed with gravel, were flung into the pans.

The losers nodded and laughed.

"That is what we should have had if the arbitration had gone on our side," they said, cheerfully.

Still the gold dust grew into larger and larger shining heaps.

The losers chatted and smiled. Pistols and bowie-knives slept in the pockets of their owners.

Very grand was the scene which the sinking sun lit up with red ray as it shone across the vast Pacific. The evening crimson tinged the high snows of the Sierra Nevada and the dark forests of oak and pine; and the stars above and the camp-lights below told of the end of another day. But neither sun nor star nor camp-light would ever

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gleam on a nobler scene than the manly group of losers who bowed before the command of Justice and took defeat with a cheerful smile.¹

¹ The sketch is founded on facts narrated in Mr. C. H. Shinn's *Mining Camp*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, in 1885.

WORK: ITS FOES AND ITS BATTLES

IF the world slept for a whole day it would wake up and find danger and death swarming all about its home and life. By work, endless work, it keeps itself in health and safety.

The workers of the world have many foes. As soon as a man steps out to his daily labor there starts up some enemy, sometimes seen, often unseen, to maim his limbs or deaden his nerve or take his life.

Man is brave. He will not yield to an enemy. He defends himself. He attacks. He conquers oftentimes, though all too often he fails in the great war. I will tell you in a few words the story of the battles of work.

In the year 1827 John Walker kept a small chemist's shop at Stockton-on-Tees, in the north of England. Customers came in to buy his new invention. Walker sold slips of cardboard tipped with phosphorus and sulphur, fifty for a shilling. Later on he used slips of wood, three inches long. These slips, or matches, were rubbed against sandpaper and burst into flame.

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It was a far quicker way of getting fire than the old style of striking a steel bodkin on a piece of flint. Not long afterward matches of this sort (lucifer matches) were made by the workers of Vienna in Austria, and so the trade spread, until in about eighty years Japan employed more than twenty thousand people in match-making, Russia more than fifteen thousand, and thousands of match-makers were to be found in Italy, Sweden, Germany, Britain, etc.

But in 1838 a woman match-maker in Vienna suffered pain in her jaw. The poison of phosphorus had attacked her, and as time went on it attacked many others. In such a disease the jaw decays, and the person may die. For years workers were ill and died, and nothing was done against the enemy phosphorus.

At last the heart of the world was struck with pity, and the war against poison was begun. Doctors went from one workshop to another, watching the match-makers, their ways, their looks. It was discovered that the bones of match-makers often became brittle. A man in a Berne match factory broke his thigh five times.

At length two Frenchmen hit upon a kind of phosphorus which would not cause evil to the jaw and the like. It had the strange name of sesquisulphide of phosphorus. Even this had dangers. It hurt the workers' eyes. For all that,

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it was far less dangerous than the old white phosphorus; and if folk were careful in bathing the eyes they could protect themselves. The new material was used in French and other factories, and sickness and death among the match-makers were much lessened. The skill of man had gained a victory over the poison foe.

The gas enemy! Deadly and invisible the gas floats round a man, and enters his lungs and slays him. Such an enemy is carbonic acid. It attacks man in crowded rooms, in close factories, in malt-houses of breweries, in sugar factories, in lime-kilns, in mines. Its enemy, in turn, is fresh air, the plain, common air which so freely leaps in at your window and door, if only people will give it a clear course to run.

A terrible foe is another gas, also composed of carbon and oxygen, called carbon monoxide. It springs upon men after explosions in coal-mines. It sallies out from coke-ovens. It lurks in the fire of blast-furnaces. It gives men headache, sleepiness, and numbness, and robs them of their speech.

Yet another such enemy is a gas composed of sulphur and hydrogen; its name is sulphureted hydrogen. It hides in sewers and other such deep places, and in a few moments its work is done, and the victim falls breathless. Well is it for him if a

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comrade drags him into the open air, where willing hands move his arms and chest as if bringing a drowned man back to health and life, or if pure oxygen—the precious life-giving gas—can be thrown into his lungs and so give a new power to his feeble blood.

How often you and I are carried swiftly over a bridge in a train, or we walk across it at our ease, and how seldom we give a thought to the toil that raised it on the bed of the flowing river!

The old way of laying the foundations was to thrust thick beams of wood into the ground below the stream, and on these heaps of timber the bridge was built. About 1850 a new way was used. Men were lowered under the water in iron boxes or cylinders called caissons. In these caissons they dug the soil, and the stone, gravel, etc., were drawn off in buckets. The water was kept out of the caisson by the force of the air.

But it was not just the air you and I breathe every day. It was air pressed thick, though still good to breathe—it was “compressed air.” In many an underground spot to-day the brave workers are plying their spade in these cylinders below rivers, shut out from the day, and parted from wives, children, and friends by a strange wall and roof of water. We pass by and hear them not. And some day a noble bridge spans the stream, and the crowd raises a loud cheer when

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a prince or a president or a mayor cries with joy, “I declare this bridge open!”

The pressure of the air in the caissons may burst the drum of the ear. It may cause sharp pains at the joints. A man may be hurriedly taken out and die.

In the year 1854 a bridge was made over the river Loire, and sixty-four Frenchmen worked in caissons, and sixteen were ill and two died. At the making of the big St. Louis Bridge over the river Mississippi fourteen died.

But the brain of man set itself against the powers of the air and thought out new means of defense. You have perhaps seen a picture of the splendid Forth Bridge, which flings its framework over the broad Scottish river. Splendid, indeed! There was no blood on its new iron beams. Not a life was lost in the caissons. The whistle of the first train that rumbled over its strong road was a song of triumph over the foe.

With flannel rolled round his mouth and ugly goggles over his eyes a workman goes into the chamber in which bleaching-powder (for whitening cloth, etc.) is made. He and his mates shovel the powder rapidly. They cannot stay in the room more than twenty or thirty minutes for fear of the fumes of the deadly chlorine gas. They must retire to the open air and breathe there for a while before they dare face again the chlorine foe.

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Such are the dangers of chemical works, where men make salt-cake, sulphuric acid, etc. Beautiful is a glass vessel; but in the creation of glass salt-cake is employed, and in producing this salt-cake the gas chlorine is used.

Need we speak of the peril to the workers who make explosives such as guncotton, dynamite, etc., or employ them for blasting in quarry and mine and engineering?

If we turn from the dangerous guncotton and dynamite and pick up a lump of lead—which of us would think there was any danger in this harmless-looking metal? Yet lead-poisoning slays thousands and thousands of human beings. It gets into water, into food, and so into our bodies. Even cattle grazing near furnaces where lead is smelted may sicken and die. The poison may sink into a worker's clothes and so enter his skin. Women are more quickly hurt by it than men.

For some years past war has been waged against the lead enemy. Women have been kept more and more out of workshops where certain trades are carried on by the help of lead. More and more care has been taken in seeing that the workers' hands, clothes, food, etc., are kept clean from lead-dust and poisoned water.

In the year 1897 a cry arose because of the sickness and death due to lead employed in the making of pottery by the fifty thousand china-

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workers of Staffordshire. The pretty glaze that makes earthenware smooth and convenient was a deadly ornament. It contained lead. Parliament talked, newspapers talked, meetings talked, lawyers talked.

Could not less lead be used? Could not leadless glaze be used? Could it be made as cheaply? Was it as beautiful? These were the questions asked.

Much has been done against the lead demon. Death and sickness still strike down many workers in the earthenware trade, the painting trade, and the like; but the battle goes on, and the heart and wit of man, the love and science of man, will win.

The dust foe is grim and terrible. Men who ground steel blades on stone wheels in Sheffield breathed in a fatal dust of tiny grains of steel and stone, and the dust settled in their lungs and killed them. More than half the deaths of Sheffield grinders were due to disease of the lungs. Dr. Hall noticed this in 1865, and since then the attack on the dust enemy has been carried on, and lives have been saved, but the foe is still powerful.

A child's eye gleams with pleasure at the brightness of a tin plate, a tin money-box, a tin toy. But the covering of iron sheets with tin in order to make these "tinned" wares is a work of danger.

In 1907 a lady inspector watched Welsh girls at work in a tin-plate factory. The clothes of the

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girls were wet; the girls breathed the fumes of sulphuric acid; their eyes were sore, their teeth black, their hair falling off. And the lady saw girls carrying loads of metal, perhaps forty pounds in weight, even fifty, even one hundred.

The dust, the acid fumes, the damp, were all enemies of health—yes, and enemies of womanhood; and they who love their country should never rest till such dreadful toil is put an end to.

You may have heard of other harmful dust—cotton-dust, linen-dust, jute-dust, tobacco-dust, etc. Soot is a peril to the chimney-cleaner, and coal-dust to the miner. Years ago the lungs of dead miners were often found to be black with the dust of coal absorbed in the dismal daily labor underground. But doctors to-day see less of this evil thing; and sharp eyes are looking into the depths and caves and galleries of iron-mines, zinc-mines, gold-mines, diamond-mines, etc., trying to invent ways of checking the enemy, dust. We must say with shame that while white men have fallen all too fast under the power of the mine-dust the colored laborers—Kaffirs and others—have died much faster, because they were less cared for.

One of the hardest battles in this war has been the battle with miners' worm. This is a tiny, thread-like creature which enters the body by way of water and food. Men take the worm disease in tunnels, in mines, in brick-fields, etc.

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The disease was observed among the men who cut the St. Gothard Tunnel, under the Alps, in 1880. An Italian doctor found the cause of the trouble. The English doctor, Oliver,¹ descended the tin-mines of Cornwall and traced the enemy there. He crossed over to Germany and found it in the coal-mines. He passed on to Hungary and discovered it robbing the life and health of the Hungarian miners.

Medical men, captains of the health army, are everywhere calling men's powers to arm against this small but cruel foe. The enemy dislikes salt and sea-water. Therefore, let salt-water be sprayed freely on all places where it lurks. Science and brave hearts will pursue the evil into tunnels, caves, mines, fields. If one means fails, another shall be tried. Death to the miners' worm!

Who would suspect danger in the gentle and timid sheep? Who would think that the goats feeding in the valleys of Angora, in Asia Minor, would cause agonies to workers in England and Europe? Who would fear the horses that run and leap on the steppes of Russia? But in the

¹ Prof. Thomas Oliver, M.D., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, from whose valuable *Diseases of Occupation from the Legislative, Social, and Medical Points of View* (published by Methuen) the details above given have been extracted.

[The most comprehensive book in English on the subject of prevention is *Safety: Methods for Preventing Occupational and Other Accidents and Diseases*, by Dr. W. H. Tolman and Leonard B. Kendall, Harper & Brothers.]

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hair and wool of such animals there may hide a fatal but tiny creature which poisons the blood of men who handle and sort the material in the warehouses of Yorkshire and elsewhere.

The disease caused by this creature is known as anthrax. The battle with anthrax began about 1850. It is still raging. The enemy is fought with steam and boiling water, into which the hair, wool, and bristles are plunged. The bales of hair and wool that come from abroad are searched at the ports, as if they held spies or assassins.

This is a great war. The worker and the man of science on the one side; the foes of the microbe army, dust army, poison army on the other.

Work must be done. Bridges must be built, tunnels must be bored, minerals must be raised, goods must be manufactured, the world's business must be performed, the world's homes must be maintained in spite of these millions upon millions of enemies, seen and unseen, in air, earth, fire, and water. Humanity will never be cowed by the foe. The human hand will never cease to wield the weapons of defense and attack in this grand campaign.

Honor to the workers over all the earth!

Honor to the men of science over all the earth!

Advance, life, against death!

Advance, humanity!

THE BATTLE OF THE WIRE

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.

—MILTON.

Far-Writing—telegraph.¹

In 1849 wires were laid under the sea, though they were short; and in order to prevent the electric stream from flashing out of the wire the wire was coated with india-rubber or bitumen or tarred hemp. But a new idea was born—the idea of gutta-percha coating to the wire.

In 1851 an under-sea wire joined Dover to Calais, and England and France could far-write to each other.

In 1856 the island of Newfoundland was linked by wire with New York.

But between England and Ireland and America a width of two thousand miles ran, and it seemed to mock at the engineers and say:

“Cross this wide ocean if you can!”

[¹ S. F. B. Morse, born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, 1791, died in New York, 1872, the inventor of the telegraph, was using a short wire in New York in 1835. The first news message sent was from Annapolis to Washington in 1844. He suggested an Atlantic cable in 1843, although it was not until eleven years afterward that the first attempt was made by Cyrus W. Field and others.]

THE BATTLE OF THE WIRE

The engineers thought and thought, and the ocean laughed and laughed. The ocean was in some spots three miles deep, and the daring wire must go to the bottom, and creep mile by mile across to America. The longest under-sea wire yet laid was one hundred and ten miles long. How was such a length of cable—two thousand miles—to be carried? What machine was to drop it into the abyss of the sea? How could the electric voice—the voice that could write but not be heard—be borne along so vast a length of copper wire?

Engineers thought, and the Atlantic laughed.

Perhaps the ocean laughed yet more when, on October 20, 1856, a group of men (“foolish fellows!” said the Atlantic) formed an Atlantic Telegraph Company.¹ Their names were Brett, Bright, Field, and Whitehouse, and others banded with them; and among these others was a Scot (well, he was born in Belfast, though of Scottish blood), named William Thomson.

Wire had been bought by some of the band.

“It is not thick enough,” said the wise Thomson.

But more was bought of the same kind, making eight pieces, each three hundred miles long.

[¹ The idea of an Atlantic cable took form in 1853, when the magnetic telegraph had been in operation ten years. The original projectors were Americans, including S. F. B. Morse, Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and others.]

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America lent a ship to carry the wire, and England lent a ship.

On August 5, 1857, loud cheers were heard at Valencia Bay, Ireland. The wire was fixed on the Irish shore, and the American ship began to drop the cable—to pay it out—into the sea.

Did the ocean begin to fear?

If so, the fear did not last long.

The man at the paying-out brake acted carelessly.

Snap!

The wire had broken, after three hundred and thirty miles were lowered to the sea-bottom; and now old ocean might indeed laugh again.

In June, 1858, the same two ships, each laden with wire—and the English vessel carrying Thomson—sailed out to the middle of the Atlantic.

For eight days a most furious storm raged. The coal in the English steamer broke loose and injured ten of the crew. A hundred miles of wire got in a tangle, and two days were needed to untangle it.

When the storm was over the two ships joined, or spliced, their wire and began paying out.

The cable broke; again the telegraph men paid out.

The cable broke; again the wire was paid out.

The cable broke; and the two ships steamed

THE BATTLE OF THE WIRE

back to Ireland, and old ocean laughed and danced and danced.

“We must give it up,” said some of the company.

“We must go on,” said others.

“Go on!” said Thomson.

Coal again; steam again; pay out again.

In a cabin in each ship was a table, and on the table a little wooden box, and in the box a little looking-glass and a lighted lamp; and the mirror moved as the electric stream in the wire was felt, and you could tell its movement by the moving of a spot of light on the glass.

If the wire broke, the glass would stand still, the light-spot would not move, and dread would seize the hearts of the watchers, and old ocean would laugh in glee.

On a July night the light-signals suddenly stopped.

Thomson saw it and turned pale. His hands shook. The veins of his brow swelled.

“Broken!”

But no sign of the break could be found by the engineers. Ah! the break must be between the ships at the sea-bottom.

Engineer Bright bit his nails. His face was blacked with tar, his eyes dull with despair.

The captain gazed, wretched, at the little mirror. Officers stood silent, and sailors, all dumb, peeped into the cabin.

HEROES OF PEACE

Oh, if the tiny glass would but move, would but speak in a signal of light!

The men kept paying out the cable.

The light moved!

“Mr. Thomson,” yelled a clerk, as he rushed to find the wise man who had wandered away, “the cable’s all right; we’ve got a signal from the other ship!”

Thomson hurried in, tested the mirror, and shook his head. All became silent again, and Thomson walked away.

“Signal!”

It was right this time. Such was the joy of all souls that for a few moments not a sound was heard. Then a shout of laughter made the ship roar from end to end. The captain laughed, Bright laughed, Thomson laughed, the crew laughed.

On August 5th each ship finished its paying-out, one end in Ireland, the other in Newfoundland. At the Irish end ladies with white-gloved hands helped to haul the wire up shore, and got their white gloves nicely blacked. But they only laughed.

The ocean did not laugh.

Signals could be sent from end to end, but words went very slowly. A message from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States took more than sixteen hours, although it spoke but ninety-nine words.

THE BATTLE OF THE WIRE

The cable had been laid well, but the instruments at each end did not act well. It was not Thomson's fault. His duty was to lay the wire, and he had seen it laid.

After seven hundred and thirty-two messages had been flashed—a rather slow flash!—the wire ceased to work. This was twenty-three days after the ladies blacked their white gloves. Very likely the cable had been hurt in the great storm.

At a big meeting of Scotsmen in Glasgow in January, 1859, Thomson said, "Sooner or later we all believe another Atlantic cable will be laid."

But in the summer of that year the engineer Robert Stephenson said, "No cable will last long enough to make it worth while."

So the wire slept at the sea-bottom, deaf and dumb; and old ocean rolled on, blue, or green, or gray, as he pleased, and laughing with all his big face.

Thomson and his friends made a new cable, three times as thick as the last one. An immense paddle-steamer, named the *Great Eastern*, was loaded with wire, and five hundred men were taken on board—the army of the cable. Thomson was there.

All well, weather beautiful, the *Great Eastern* started on July 23, 1865. On August 2d, when twelve hundred miles had been dropped, the tell-tale signal ceased. The clerks at Valencia could

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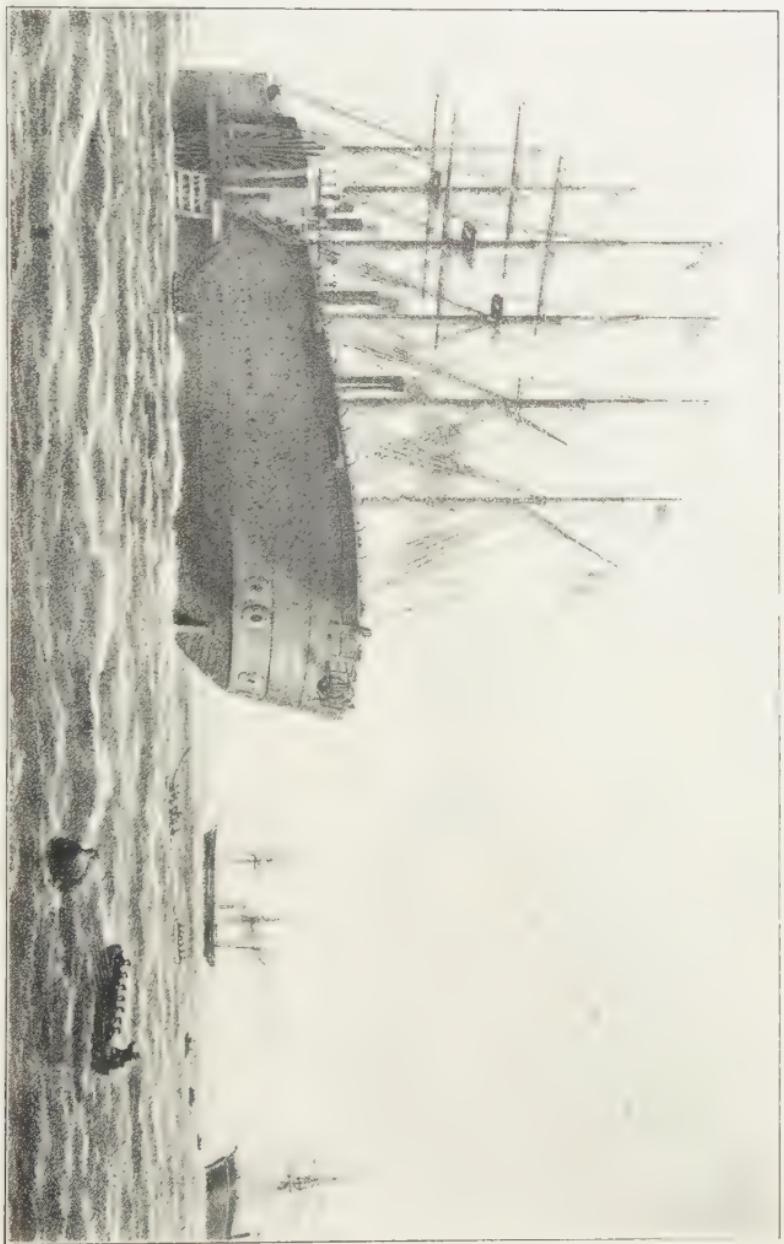
get no word from the ship. They waited; the company waited; England waited. A fortnight later the big steamship arrived with the news that the cable had broken.

So all that winter, 1865-66, the work was at a stand. Some people said, "The thing is hopeless." But England and Scotland and Ireland did not lose heart, for Thomson was thinking and planning, planning and thinking.

On Friday, July 13, 1866, the *Great Eastern* joined a new wire to the station in Valencia, Ireland, and steamed westward. Westward had Columbus sailed; westward had the Pilgrim Fathers sailed; westward sailed the engineers and the army of the cable.

A grinding sound was heard day after day, the sound of the paying-out brake—"the old coffee-mill" the sailors called it; and all the time messages could be sent backward to Ireland. There was no despair in the cabin. Thomson's face was not pale with dread, nor did his hands shake, nor did the engineer bite his nails with puzzled soul. On Sunday, July 28, 1866, at Heart's Content Bay, Newfoundland, the American end of the magic line was fastened. Europe and America shouted at one another—or so it might almost seem!—along the Atlantic Telegraph Company's wire. The ocean was beaten.

On August 9th the *Great Eastern* sailed east-



THE "GREAT EASTERN" LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE, 1866



THE BATTLE OF THE WIRE

ward. For a week in mid-ocean this ship, big in the eyes of man, so small on the bosom of the sea and under the huge heaven, flitted here and there in search—in search—in search . . . in search . . . in search . . .

Found!

Yes, on September 2d the old cable was fished up.

A man on the shore of Ireland had his eyes on the mirror signal. He was a clerk in the telegraph company. The light moved—right, left, left, right. The sleeping cable had awoke! He replied; and the crew of the *Great Eastern* roared with joy when they received his words by wire.

A new wire was joined to the old, and the proud ship steamed westward—westward—in triumph. In a few days this line also was completed. Two cables now spanned the Atlantic, two cables gave a voice to America, to Europe, to many nations on the east and west.¹

Victory!

¹ The particulars of the cable-laying are drawn from Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson's *Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs*, Vol. II (published by Macmillan in 1910).

[See also *Cyrus W. Field: His Life and Work*, by J. F. Judson, and *The Story of the Atlantic Telegraph*, by H. M. Field.]

DOWN THE WISCONSIN

FOUR things—a man with willing hands, an ax with a four-foot handle, a dashing river, and a pine-tree whose spreading branches form one of the most beautiful sights in the world. In the nineteenth century these four things made the big lumber trade of North America.

The Wisconsin River roars in rapids, murmurs over sand-banks, rolls furiously against cliffs, spreads half a mile wide and narrows to fifty-four feet, and at length flows proudly into a yet prouder river, the giant Mississippi. Near its sources were the pine-woods, which echoed with the ringing of axes.

A hundred years ago red Indians formed powerful camps in the future state of Wisconsin. Marks of their dwelling-places are still to be seen in the curious totem-mounds covered with grass, and shaped as huge birds, bears, turtles, cones, straight lines, etc. Such mounds were the signs of burial-places or of camping-grounds. Many an object turned up by spade or plow was once used in the wigwam, and is now carried off to a museum—

DOWN THE WISCONSIN

stone arrow-heads, balls, and knives; copper rings and fish-hooks; lead beads and musket-balls; pots and bowls of clay; bone tools, shells, etc. Endless stories could be told of the Indians and their chiefs —Little Elk, Four Legs, Snake Skin, Black Wolf, Wild Cat, Whirlpool, Fierce Heart, Ripple, Yellow Thunder, and White Crow. So late as 1894 an Indian burial took place in the ancient manner, when, on the bank of Lake Koshkonong, little Mose Decorah died, and the child's body was placed in a canoe and a funeral song was chanted while his spirit sailed to the Happy Hunting-ground. But this must be enough for the subject of red Indians; I have to speak of the white lumbermen of an earlier day.

The white pine-trees and Norway pine-trees of Wisconsin were felled by the ax and taken to the sawmills, where they were cut into logs sixteen feet long. These logs were rafted down the Wisconsin and the Mississippi as far as the city of St. Louis. Small oak-trees, two inches across, were grubbed up by the roots and cut till they were stout clubs, pointed at top and knobby at the root end. Three of these would be driven, like nails, through holes in a board, and other boards would be fastened across, one layer over another, upon this wooden base, making a "crib." Six or seven cribs fixed together made a raft, or "rapids piece," ready to run down foaming rapids. The

HEROES OF PEACE

raft was guided by lumbermen with oars fifty feet long. A raftsmen was clothed in coarse woolen garments and cap. His muscles were like iron knots, and his courage was equal to all the perils of flood and storm. Women needed roofs to shelter their loved ones, and furniture for the comfort of the home; and the army of the lumbermen and raftsmen would bring the timber from the far-off pineries of Wisconsin.

Afloat!

Trees lean over the stream, and a straggling branch catches an oarsman and sweeps him into the water. Splashes, shouts, hurry-scurrying—he is rescued!

Have a care, for we are at the Little Bull Falls, where the broken river tears over rocks for half a mile and the raft dips under the foam and slants at a dreadful angle. Have a care again, for here are the Jaws, and the surly rocks gape as if to swallow the daring river-men. Whoever slips into the deep at the Jaws will never come out alive. Have a care again, for the raft approaches the fence across the stream at Stevens Point Dam, and the only way past is by a slide or sloping passage, and the water below the dam boils in howling “white-caps.” Sometimes at this horrid slide a raft was turned entirely over and men were flung like a child’s marbles into the Wisconsin. Scarcely is this trouble past when a snow-storm breaks,



GENERAL VIEW OF A GREAT LOG-RAFT, CONTAINING 65,000 LOGS, ABOUT 6,000,000 FEET OF LUMBER

DOWN THE WISCONSIN

and four feet of snowflakes cover the struggling raft.

At Conant Rapids a huge red rock stands out in the current. The rafts round it and then fall headlong down an incline, at the bottom of which the water rolls backward and beats the "rapids pieces" with the fury of a wild beast. Here is Bean-pot Eddy, in which the river crackles and bubbles in the manner of beans in a kitchen pot. Onward to Boneyard Eddy; and note the name, comrades of the ax and oar, for here there is a pool in whose swirl the bodies of men drowned in the upper waters are stopped and kept as floating prisoners. Even when a rapid is passed it is not done with. A number of the men land on the bank and run up in wet clothes and boots full of sand to the head of the falls in order to help the next "piece" down.

Grand Rapids! A mile long is this rush, and the raft travels this length, amid mist and thunder, in four minutes; and woe be to the lumberman if the pilot's eye fails or his orders are misunderstood. We escape, and then we descry the Sugar Bowl, a rounded rock in midstream, on whose bitter-sweet stones many rafts have gone to wreck.

Below Whitney Rapids the "pieces" may be fastened together, so that three "pieces" will form a "Wisconsin raft." And now come the Dells—narrow passages between cliffs, with sudden turns.

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At the Devil's Elbow the raft must be swiftly guided to the left, then to the right, and at once to the left again, and again to the right. If not, the raft will strike the rock, and perhaps break in two.

The lower Wisconsin is very wide, but contains islands of sand, on which the lumber-loads may stick fast, and then there is much shoving and pushing with hand-spikes in order to get the rafts free; and a man will often have to stand up to his waist in the water as he uses his lever, and his skin is bathed in sweat. If we are caught on an island we may be held in bondage for hours. Old Simon Sherman will tell us how once, stranded on a bank near Portage City all the night, he and his comrades lit a fire and dried themselves; and then Simon produced a clarinet and played a few tunes. A yell on the river bank startled the lumbermen and announced that a pack of wolves were journeying that way and were trying to join in the music. Simon also relates how a raft floated past him at Helena, carrying a bear as passenger.

Now there are cries of joy, and the waters of the Wisconsin plunge into the waters of the Mississippi. Rafts are tied together in a yet vaster raft —perhaps 144 feet wide and 380 feet long. An enormous table is set up in the middle, and the men take their meals like kings at ease,

DOWN THE WISCONSIN

Ease? No, not yet. The breeze blows hard; the Mississippi runs rapidly; the great craft flies at a rate that seems a mile a minute; a boat is hurriedly dropped behind, and the crew pay out a rope—a thousand feet of it—hoping to loop a tree and stay the race. In vain; the rope snaps, and the raft hastens on, and the dusk of evening has fallen, and the stars gleam down on the peril. The pilot steers toward a sand-bank, on which the raft rubs with a shock, and then the clumsy craft slows down and is held at last by a rope twisted round a tree on the bank.

Summer days have arrived, and in the June brightness the toilsome voyage is ended at St. Louis; and the raftsmen are paid off, each receiving the sum—hard-earned and little enough—of sixty dollars.

The Wisconsin rafts float no more over Conant Rapids and through the terrible Jaws. To-day railways carry the timber to the cities and ports of the South. But the work of men's hands is the foundation of households; and let us give thanks to the labor which, on the rivers of America or in the workshops of carpenter or cabinet-maker, provides us with articles of use and beauty and pleasure.¹

¹ This account is based upon papers kindly supplied to me by Mr. Charles E. Brown, Curator of the Museum of the State Historical Library, Madison, Wisconsin.

THE TIGER AND THE WORM

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave;
Its temples, its grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang o'er their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor departing a summer eve throws
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes.
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the sun.
—THOMAS MOORE: "Lalla Rookh," story of the Fire-worshipers.

"**H**ERE'S another roast Hindu."
 "Oh, where, where, where?"
 "Oh, here, here, here."

The night was dark. Thomas Wardle stood at his bedroom window in a Bengal house and heard the jackals howl. He had shot a jackal as the sun went down, and a herd of these creatures haunted the jungle close by, and seemed to moan over their dead comrade; and the Bengal people say that the howling noise of jackals makes the sound of the words:

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“Here’s another roast Hindu! Oh, where, where, where? Oh, here, here, here!”

Next morning Mr. Wardle (who was an Englishman from Leek, in Staffordshire) rode out on horseback and found the jackal he had shot; but vultures had eaten it all except the skin and bones. He rode on and shot a yellow mango bird and a large-horned owl.

Next morning he rode out again and killed a fox, and in the evening two jackals, a large duck, and a blue jay.

On a third day the creatures shot were partridges, a white hawk, a hare, etc.

One morning Mr. Wardle prepared for a struggle with something larger than a blue jay, a hare, and a jackal. Elephants were swimming with upraised trunks in a tank. They were called out and made to kneel, and howdahs, or cages, were placed on their backs. Mr. Wardle sat in a howdah; the elephants marched; forty Hindu coolies, carrying sticks, tramped alongside in the tall Maidan grass. They searched the jungle, pushed their way through tall bamboo-grass, found no big game, and went home to rest.

Next day off again. Deep into the jungle elephants and coolies plunged.

“Tiger!” yelled a voice.

Wardle and his friend Morey fired at the tiger, which was one hundred and fifty yards away.

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The beast trotted away; they followed. Wardle fired at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards and missed; again he fired at one hundred and fifty yards and hit the tiger in the rear.

Shouts! Chase!

They found him under a wild plum-bush—a tree on which the Tussore silkworm feeds.

An elephant was driven forward. The tiger sprang upon its head. Roars and trumpetings shook the jungle. The tiger, shaken off, hid in the bush.

Wardle and Morey advanced on their elephant, the driver (mahout) gently pressing the big creature toward the plum-bush where the tiger lurked. The elephant raised some branches with its trunk. Through the opening glared the eyes of the tiger.

“Now!” hallooed Morey.

Wardle’s rifle snapped out. The tiger lay dead. Wardle got down by means of an elephant-ladder, pushed through the bushes, and tied a rope round the fallen beast. A dozen men hauled the tiger out into the open. It was skinned, and the skin was sent to England to be stuffed, and the lord of the jungle, looking very life-like, gazed fiercely at all who entered Mr. Wardle’s shooting-box at Swainsley.

The worm.

An egg laid by a silk-moth is about the size of

THE TIGER AND THE WORM

a turnip-seed, and is shaped like a coin, and is yellow.

In a few days this small egg has lost its yellow color and has become brown, then red-gray, then slate-gray or greenish; and in this state it rests all through the winter.

Spring comes. The time of new life comes. The egg becomes like glass—you can see inside. You can see a grub or worm. It has jaws. With a glass you may see the black, hairy, ugly thing more plainly. Black, hairy, ugly, and only a twelfth of an inch long, it does not look as if it had much value. It has six legs and ten leg-like claspers, but the ten claspers will in time waste away.

It has bitten its way out of the shell; and its first work is to eat, and its second work is to eat, and its third, and fourth, and all!

It at last stops eating and lies still, as if asleep. It seems swollen.

Ha! its skin has split. The worm is now all on the move. It writhes and twists. Its skin comes off; and lo! it is a new worm with scarce any hairs—and it eats and eats and eats.

And then a second sleep.

And then again the skin is cast off and life starts afresh.

A third time this happens—and a fourth time. It has two eyes which see but dimly. Its jaws

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bite without a stop. The mulberry-leaf is its food, and it crams mulberry-leaf as hard as it can cram. Mulberry-leaf—more, more! for what is life without mulberry-leaf?

After a week of this last great feast the worm, now some three inches long, prepares for another change.

Let me pause one moment to tell you of the London County Council school-teacher who told her children about the ways of the silkworm.

“And to-morrow,” she said, “if each of you will bring a box I will give you each a silkworm.”

A small boy who had listened eagerly, and who heard the silk-caterpillar (silkworm) had sixteen legs, supposed it must be as big as a great crab; so he brought his box—an orange-box—large enough to hold a baby!

A kind of gum forms inside the worm’s body. It oozes out through holes in the skin and shapes itself into thin thread. The worm tosses up its head and wriggles its body, and twists the thread into loops, and wriggles and wriggles, and twists and twists; and rests not, night or day, for some three days and nights, till the masses of loops of thread have made a cover all over its body, even as a silken coffin. If stretched out the thread would reach half a mile.

But no! the worm is not dead, and its case of silk is not a coffin. The worm sleeps in its cocoon.

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Now it has neither legs nor mouth, and in the darkness it lies, weak and pale, like a little lump of paste or jelly, shut up in the net of its own white or yellow thread.

A fortnight passes. Great things have happened in the dark jail of the cocoon. The worm did not eat so much mulberry-leaf for naught. From the leaf it gained strength and struggling-power and growing-power—yes, and flying-power; for the time has come, and the worm has become a moth with four wings and six legs; and it drops a liquor out of its head, and this liquor loosens the threads of the cocoon and the prison opens, and there is light. There is a world outside and a way open.

Forward! The moth has squeezed its passage out. Pale and cream-hued, the moth will flit through the air. The mother moth will lay three or four hundred eggs, for the making of more worms and more cocoons and more moths and more wonders for the eyes of men and women to behold.

The eggs of the silkworm are laid in August. In the month of May the tender green leaves appear on the mulberry-trees. If, therefore, men who want silk take care of the worms through the time of cold and short days till the season of spring, the eggs will be hatched just when the mulberry-trees send forth their leaves, and the food will be ready for the hungry caterpillars.

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The silkworm is at home on its leaf, and is well on the way to its cocoon and its flight in the sunshine. But man steps in. Man wants the silk. Man will give the worm green leaves for its food, but he will also fix the fate of the worm. He will set up "filatures"—that is, work-places where men and women will wind the silk from off the cocoons and make it up into skeins. The cocoons must not be spoiled by the breaking-out of the moths. The worm inside the silk prison must die. The cocoons are placed in wicker baskets, which are bathed in the steam of boiling water. Steam brings death.

The silk trade is far-spread. Busy men and women, busy worms, and the groves of mulberry are seen in China, Japan, India, Greece, Turkey, Spain, France.

And now we will bring the tiger-slayer on our stage once more—the man of Leek, Thomas Wardle—Sir Thomas Wardle since 1897.

In the year 1903 he was again traveling in India. This time he was alone. No elephants bore him in a howdah, and no tiger need fear his ride. By express train he hurried from Bombay to the Vale of Kashmir.

Wardle knew as much about silk and silkworms as any man in the world; and as it happened that the silk trade of the Vale was in need of clever thought and care, who should be asked by the



PLAUNING, OR SILK WORKERS IN SPINNING-TRAYS AND REMOVING THE COCOONS (KASHMIR, INDIA)

THE TIGER AND THE WORM

rulers of India to come and advise but Wardle of Leek? And here he was in the express train.

At Jammu he met the Maharaja of Kashmir, and the Englishman and the Hindu talked earnestly for two hours—and the one thing they spoke of was silk. It was now March. Spring would soon come, and the mulberry-trees would burst into leaf, and the sound of singing birds would be heard in the land. Now was the time to see Kashmir and its silkworms. But snow blocked the way. The road into the Vale ran through hills that rise high above the sea-level.

Sir Thomas Wardle set out in a carriage drawn by two horses. The way wound along the foot of high cliffs and along the edge of steep rocks. At one spot a fall of heavy stones startled the Englishman and his driver. Sir Thomas sprang out just in time to avoid getting smashed. Had he been swept over the precipice he would have been flung into the river Jhelum, which foamed a thousand feet below.

On the fourth day he reached the city of Srinagar, and there saw a sight that gave him joy—six big “filatures,” or silk factories; and in each filature worked five hundred and fifty men and boys.

“Wonderful!” he said to himself.

Why wonderful?

Because six years before the silk industry in

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Kashmir was as if dead. The rulers of Kashmir had sent to the wisest silk-man they knew—Wardle himself—asking him to buy good eggs; and he bought nearly £800 worth in France and Italy, and the eggs journeyed to India, and the caterpillars ate and ate and wound themselves into their prisons of silk—and now Kashmir had a new trade.

“Wonderful,” murmured the silk-man as he walked from filature to filature.

The eggs had been given out to Indian folk in their homes, in order that the worms might be reared in the villages. In 1897 the eggs were thus reared by five hundred and eighty families—about two thousand people. But in 1903 what did Sir Thomas find? Forty-four thousand people at work in the silk trade in the Vale. Add to this number the workers in the filatures, etc., and you get some fifty thousand in all. There had been a shortage of food in that part of the land—yes, even in the fair Vale of Kashmir life was not all roses, of which the poet Thomas Moore sang in sweet verse. But the silk trade had made work, and work money, and money food.

“I have,” said Sir Thomas, in a letter, “driven through the length of this valley of wondrous beauty, about eighty miles long and thirty-five miles wide. It seems full of mulberry-trees, and secures the home of an industry which, even after

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its present marvelous expansion, is yet but the nucleus of an immense future development."

That was Sir Thomas's big-word way of saying that from the small beginning a great result had come, and yet greater things were still to come.

Why not?

"I have never," said Sir Thomas again, "seen a people so clever with their fingers as the folk of Kashmir."

Clever fingers joined with wise heads can conquer a thousand difficulties.

But the man of Leek was not always joyful. He saw scenes that made him feel wretched. He saw mulberry-trees that looked mean, sickly, miserable for want of proper minding.

"Cruel, cruel," he often exclaimed.

Now, the cruel deeds at which he cried out might at first make you smile. He observed that the natives in many places did not gather the leaves for the silkworms by climbing up ladders, as was done in France and Italy. They would rudely cut off a branch laden with leaves and bear it off home in triumph. Besides this, men would cut branches off in order to make fences for gardens and the like, and even for firewood; and poor old trees might be seen that scarce had a leaf-bearing bough left on their trunks. You may be sure that Wardle's words were heeded. The waste was stayed

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and young trees were planted for use in years to come.

But Sir Thomas did not look round and say, "All this change for the good is my doing." Some years before he had pointed to Mr. Walton and said:

"This man will be a wise silk-master for the Vale of Kashmir; try him."

So Mr. Walton had been chosen silk-master (Director of Sericulture), and the work had thriven, and Wardle gave him praise.

Since I began this silken tale with a tiger hunt I may tell you that our friend Sir Thomas still kept his love of sport in 1903; and when he was not busy in the filatures or examining the mulberry-trees he was hard at work in the chase. In a big house-boat he was rowed by coolies up the river Jhelum to the region of mountain and forest, and he shot a black bear and many birds and saw the footsteps of a leopard in the snow. And if, perchance, you do not love the idea of shooting the free creatures in the forest and mount, then we will say no more of the sport, but repeat the pretty list of Kashmir trees which the man of Leek observed:

"Of fruit-trees, glorious in blossom, peach, almond, apple, pear, plum, apricot, and cherry."

And of flowers he says:

"The entire valley was teeming with fruit-

THE TIGER AND THE WORM

blossoms; and the sight of the wild iris and the wild crown imperial lily was one of very great beauty.”

Sir Thomas Wardle was the first maker of plush in imitation of sealskin, the plush being composed of the waste of Tussore silk.

This captain of industry died, at the age of seventy-eight, in January, 1909.

He made many an Indian village busy with a useful craft, and he caused places that looked dreary with dying trees to live again in fresh and healthy plantations of mulberry. By such quick brains and nimble hands has the art of silk-making been built up in the course of the ages; and you who love the rustling and shining cloth that furnishes the tapestry for noble mansions, and the dress for the bride, and the gowns for the merry daughters and white-haired granddames, salute the silk-men who draw beauty out of the humble cocoon.¹

¹An excellent little book on *Silkworms*, by E. A. Butler, is published in Sonnenschein's “Young Collector” series. Other facts in the above sketch have been extracted from Sir Thomas Wardle's *Kashmir: Its New Silk Industry*, published in 1904.

THE SIEGE OF KASHMIR

CREAT peaks rise, pointing to the sky of India, and guard the borders of the Vale of Kashmir (Cashmere). One of these mounts is Haramukh, seventeen thousand feet high, and men say that snow falls on it all the year, save for one week in July; but through the white of the snow-cap one may see a streak of green, and this shiny green (so they tell) is costly emerald, and no man who comes within sight of the glorious light of the emerald will be hurt by the bite of ever such deadly snakes. Dark are the woods that clothe these hills, but very green is the grass on the ground, and the brooks dance down, and on their banks grow the clematis, honeysuckle, jasmine, and wild roses. The sky is of a most sweet blue, and at dawn the sun is of gold, and at set is deep red. Sheep and cows graze on the slopes, and wood-cutters swing their axes and fell the timber. As you come down to the valleys you see fields of maize and groves of walnut-trees; rice thrives in the lowlands; the plane spreads its wide arms; mulberry-trees are rich in fruit; the wild indigo

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puts out its purplish bloom; and the flowers of the horse-chestnut are pink and white.

Many are the pools, and on the glassy waters lie the pink lilies. Most enchanting of all the pools is the Dal Lake, four miles long, and in its water are mirrored the tall mountains of Kashmir; and the water-weed is olive and yellow green; and on the shores are silver-gray willows, and a vast multitude of trees are gold and red in hue. Princes of old made gardens by the lake of Dal, and the gardens go down to the water in terraces, and huge plane-trees cast a shade, and through alleys of gloomy cypress-trees streams of roaring water fall in broken leaps to the lake.

There is here a river called the Jhelum, pretty to behold, for it rolls among rocks and splashes in joyful and bubbling jets; and folk paddle up and down in boats. On the banks of the river stands a city—the City of the Goddess of Fortune, also named the Blessed City and also the City of the Sun. On the map it is marked Srinagar, or Kashmir; and in 1901 the number of its people was more than one hundred and twenty thousand. Old wooden bridges span the stream, and at one time two of the bridges had rows of shops on them, after the manner of London Bridge many years ago. On a hillside rises the palace of the Maha-raja, and there is a golden temple where men and women worship, and Hindu houses of prayer shine

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like silver, and in a very noble mosque of wood the Moslems kneel to Allah. He who travels in that land and catches sight of Srinagar may well cry, "How lovely is this City of the Vale!"

Now, most of the houses of the city are frail, for, while rich lords live in mansions of strong, burned brick, the poor dwell in cottages of wood and of bricks that are only sun-dried; and in days of frost the house-master and his family—shawl-makers, maybe—shiver and dread the coming of yet colder days. So crowded are the houses that the streets seem scarcely to have room to run through the mass of dwellings, and are but narrow and winding and filthy lanes. Filth of all kinds is flung into the streets, and flows into the street, and soaks them with the damp of drains and death; and horrid drain-pits or cesspools collect much foulness and harbor the germs of sickness.

Four perils beset this City of the Sun. The first is earthquake. A shaking of the soil brings many a house down, and the citizens rush into the open, and dare not go under roofs again till all is still. The second is flood; for warm rains fall on the mountains and swell the banks, and giant streams come like a terrible army down the Vale, and the waters rise about the houses and plunge in and out of the winding lanes, and people are drowned, and household goods are swept away for

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ever. The third is fire; for wooden walls and straw roofs and straw beds are easy food for the fire demon; and quite twenty times since Srinagar was first a town the fatal flames have devoured the people's homes and left a black heap of ruin. And the fourth is cholera. In the year 1892 nearly six thousand citizens died, and all work was for a while at an end, and the only shops kept open were those at which could be bought white cloth for the winding-sheets of the dead. If the folk had been wise they would have drained the city and made wider streets. But wisdom does not come quickly, either in Srinagar, or London, or New York, and even earthquakes, flood, fire, and cholera did not teach those who were not willing to learn.

But some Kashmir folk were willing to learn, and the English, who were overlords of India and its hills and valleys, were eager to help. After the dark days of the cholera Kashmiris (Kashmir folk) and English laid siege to the evil powers that caused death and misery in the City of the Goddess of Fortune; and this we read in a *Gazetteer*:

Since 1892 conditions have improved. A good water supply has enabled the authorities to keep subsequent epidemics in hand, and well-drained, airy streets are replacing the squalid alleys. Streets have been paved, and many narrow pits and excavations have been filled in; but much still remains to be done.

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So it seems that, while the water is now good and future attacks of sickness are better guarded against and the filth holes have been filled up, "much still remains to be done." But, indeed, one might say that of the whole world; and so we are sure that the schools of Kashmir and the health-officers of Kashmir and the good sense of the people will, step by step, gain upon the foe and drive the bad forces out of the streets and houses and temples of the City of the Sun; and the City of the Sun it will one day truly be, open to the wholesome light in all its corners, and drinking in the fresh air that blows from the glorious hills.

For the folk may be glorious as well as the hills. In their brains, in their fingers are hid wondrous powers for work. The Kashmir workers are clever at shawl-weaving, at lacquer-work for boxes and walls and ceilings, at the graving of silver lilies and handsome leaves, at the shaping of copper trays and pots and bowls, at the delicate carving of wood, at leather-work, at silk-weaving, at the cutting of precious stones of many sorts and colors. Some travelers have passed through the City of the Sun and among the villages of the Vale, and they have said words of disdain and scorn:

"The people are filthy and idle, and are good for naught."

Such words of scorn should not be said of any folk on earth, for the filthy can learn cleanliness

THE SIEGE OF KASHMIR

and the idle can learn industry; but in the Vale of Kashmir, as in all other places of the world, there are grand powers in the heart and the mind and the hands, and the people will go from step to step in betterment.

“Much still remains to be done.” Some day every nook in Srinagar will be cleansed and every house defended from the flood, and the lives of the citizens will be made as safe from fire and disease as human skill can secure. The siege will go on. The captains that lead the assault on Dirt and Idleness and Ignorance and Death are Captain Clean, Captain Labor, Captain Sense, and Captain Life; and these valiant warriors—Indians and English—will never cease the fight till the last foe of the Old Darkness is driven forth.

And as in Kashmir, so in all cities in the world.¹

Children, the captains call for soldiers. The army of Life needs recruits.

Join the colors!

¹ Works consulted: *The Valley of Kashmir*, by W. R. Lawrence, Settlement Commissioner of Kashmir and Jummu State (1895); *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*, 1908 edition.

THROWING STONES

“**B**OYS, don’t throw stones!” Such, perhaps, is the advice which you expect me to give on this occasion; and, indeed, it is sometimes very wise advice; but I am fairly sure you know when the advice holds good. To-day, therefore, you shall hear nothing of windows and glass houses. You shall hear of the ghost of Pontius Pilate.

There are some people who know things that cannot be known!

They say that the governor, Pontius Pilate—he who sent Christ to the bitter cross—offended the Emperor of Rome, Tiberius; and Tiberius doomed Pilate to death. Then Pilate, not waiting for the Roman sword to do the dreadful beheading, committed suicide in some way; and folk, hating to see the man even when dead, tied a heavy stone to the corpse and flung the body into the stream of Tiber. Lightning lit up all Rome, and the river became foul after the storm; and the people said the evil was due to Pilate. So they carried the body of Pilate to the city of Vienne, on the river Rhone, and threw it into the water; and a like

THROWING STONES

storm burst, and a like foulness followed. Then the people bore the body to the top of a mountain in Switzerland. This mount lifts itself beside the blue spread of Lake Lucerne. The body was dropped into a small lake at the top of the mount, and the name of the place is Mount Pilatus even unto this day.

They say (the same sort of people say) that once a year the ghost of Pontius Pilate would come out of the lake and sit in a scarlet robe on a rock, and whosoever saw the Red Governor would die. And they say that at any other season of the year if stones were thrown into the little lake the spirit of Pilate would spring from the water in a shape of Fury and Terror. So they say, or, rather, so they said in the Middle Ages.

Every now and then somebody wanted to climb the mount. It is a very good thing to climb. You leave the good old order of the valley and make progress to a rock, a crag, a yet higher rock, a yet higher crag, and you look around, and the world is wider.

Onward! upward!

But the Town Council of Lucerne would let no man (and no woman—oh, dear! no woman) climb the mountain except by special leave, and even then a burgess—a respectable citizen—of Lucerne must go with the stranger to see that he did not throw stones or stir the waters or bring out the

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ghost. As time went on more and more people climbed, so that respectable burgesses of Lucerne often had to trot up the hill of Pontius Pilate.

It is written in the history of Switzerland that in the year 1518 two parties of travelers ascended the peak and cut the beginning letters (initials) of their names on rocks, and among these travelers there was Duke Ulrich of Württemberg. It is not, as a rule, a fine thing for travelers to cut their initials in spots they visit, but in this case we may agree it was proper enough, for it was as much as saying:

“Ghost or no ghost, we have come hither; and we dare to add our names to our deeds, and to live openly.”

Conrad Gesner, a nature-lover from Zürich, went up in 1555 (not a happy year for the English, for it was the year that Latimer and other Protestants were burned at the stake, and the government of England seemed to be descending rather than climbing). Gesner enjoyed, so he tells us, the scent of the grass and the flowers and the music of birds and the purity of the air. He drank sweet milk at the doors of cottages, and he peeped into the peasants’ huts, and saw that the beds were not costly mattresses, but were made of clean and wholesome hay, and the folk had good health. He reached the lake and saw no evil thing.

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“Even if there is a bad spirit in the pool,” he said to the people of Lucerne, afterward, “the least a brave man can do is to stand up straight and face it.”

Well, now we come to the last chapter in our tale of Mount Pilatus. It was in the year 1585, and the times were better for the English; for this was but three years before the Armada came, and the soul of England really seemed to be climbing.

“Come, comrades!” said Pastor Johann Müller, of Lucerne, to his fellow-burgesses.

The march of the people began. They left the old order. They rose to breezy heights. The old order changed, yielding place to new. Past the cottages, the green pastures, and so even to the top and the still waters of the lake.

They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Pastor Johann Müller of Lucerne picked up a stone. The people followed his example.

Then, with a plunge of courage, they all threw.

No ghost came out of the lake.

After that no man feared the spirit of Mount Pilatus.

A railway runs up the hill to-day.

Yes, and in the book of man’s history there is a long tale of climbing, and many stones have

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been thrown into many lakes, and an end put to ancient terrors.

Ancient terrors. For instance:

Slavery of white folk in Europe; of negroes in America.

Burning of witches and heretics—that is, folk who believed in religion differently from the folk who burned them.

The persecution of Jews and Quakers in England.

The working of children and women in mines.

The—

But you can find other ancient terrors in the book yourself.

All the terrors are not gone. There are other peaks to climb, other lakes to try. Do you understand, you girls and boys?

Up, valiant hearts! Climb, valiant feet! Throw, valiant hands!

THE BLOODLESS PATH

THE white wings of a pigeon flapped, and the man cried a cry of joy. It was dusk. Near him ran a stream. For miles stretched a dry plain. The red fire of a camp lit the faces of a small group of men who sprang up with joy when they heard the cry.

"I saw a pigeon fly down and then up again," said the man who had raised the cry. "There must be water here."

In the dull light they searched and they found. They found a puddle of rain-water, of which they eagerly drank. Scarce a drop did they leave.

This little party of travelers were encamped that night on the bank of the Bogan River in the heart of New South Wales. You may wonder why they did not drink of the stream. They dared not. It was salt.

The party was in command of Charles Sturt, a man of English blood, though born in India (1795). The lad had been to the famous school at Harrow, near London. He had been made ensign in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Foot. As a soldier in

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the British army he had done his duty in Spain, in Canada, in Ireland. In the winter of 1826-27 a vessel bore him to the other side of the planet. He sailed to New South Wales in charge of a company of prisoners or convicts exiled for evil-doing. Young Sturt's mind was a questioning mind—a conquering mind. Not the conquering mind of a Napoleon, such as he had fought against in Spain, but a mind that was bent on winning the secrets of nature. Thus it came to pass that he, with his comrade Hume and two soldiers and eight prisoners, had been allowed by Governor Darling to set out on the great quest in the Unknown Land. Two of the convicts had been sent back to Bathurst with tidings! The rest traveled toward the sunset.

On New-Year's Day, 1829, the band shouted in wild glee, for they caught sight of a fine river. Thirsty and dusty, they leaped down the bank and stooped to drink. Then they paused.

“Salt!” they groaned. The river was the Darling. It was so named by Sturt after the governor. The salt found its way into the river from certain springs. In most seasons, when the stream is in full flood, the salt taste is not observed; but Sturt had chanced upon it at a time when the water was low, and so the salt-springs made their presence felt.

The party returned to their starting-point.

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More than a year later another westward venture was made, the party being led by Sturt; second in command, George MacLeay; and there were three soldiers of the Thirty-ninth Foot, one of whom, Harris, had followed the captain for eighteen years. Three of the other men were convicts. They took with them a whale-boat, which was drawn on a carriage.

On Christmas Day, 1830, George MacLeay had gone ahead. He sent back a horseman, who rode up to Sturt with bad news. A vast bed of reeds barred the way, and the river Murrumbidgee, whose course they were following, could not be seen. A council was held. It was of no use to trudge on by land. The captain decided to fit up the whale-boat and make a smaller boat, and to go on by water with a crew of six; and these were the six:

Soldiers—Harris, Hopkinson, Fraser.

Convicts—Clayton, Mulholland, Macmanee.

In seven days the whale-boat was ready and the skiff was built. Early in the morn of January 7th (an Australian summer morn) the explorers stepped aboard. The rest of the party returned home.

So let us watch the whale-boat, which, though born for the hunting of whales on the ocean, was now a river craft pulled by strong arms and oars to the west, wherein never a white man had yet

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trod. There were black fellows in the west, and Sturt met them.

Row, brothers, row,
Our oars keep time . . .

They passed the spot where the Lachlan pours its stream into the Murrumbidgee. Next day the skiff, with its load of pork and other food and articles, capsized and was hauled up again—pork and all much soaked.

A sudden rush of the stream carried the whale-boat into a wide river, new to the eyes of the white race. Captain Sturt's heart leaped with pride. He had discovered a noble river. What should he call it? There was then an officer in charge of the Australian colonies, by name Sir George Murray; and the Murray should be the name of the new-found water, and so on the map you will see it marked to-day.

A sail was put up, for the Murray was wide, and there was room for a sailing-boat to tack right and left as the wind directed.

Blacks!

Yes! the naked children of the Australian plains peeped through the bushes and from behind mounds and broken ground. Captain Sturt was most careful to harm them not, nor even to show any threatening weapon. He had not come on an errand of war.

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A sound of falling waters arose, and the Murray tumbled over boulders. It was hard work to get the boat and the skiff down the rapids. A group of natives watched from the shore.

All well; onward! The captain was on the lookout for the Darling, for he felt sure that somewhere in this region the Darling must join the Murray.

Trees grew thick. Among the trees a crowd of black fellows were seen. Here—somewhere—was the Darling. Aye, and here were perhaps deadly foes!

Sturt was steering. He guided the whale-boat toward the bank, making signs that he was a man of peace. The natives were restless; they were handling their spears with ill intent. Sturt turned the vessel and ran down-stream, and the Australians flew along the bank, screaming the scream of war.

Ha! the boat struck upon a bank of sand, and in a few moments the wild sons of Australia were wading through the water.

Now, Englishmen, if you have a cool head and a brave soul, now is the time to show the stuff you are made of.

“Do nothing, men,” said Sturt, in a quiet, quick voice, “till I fire my rifle at the nearest black.”

He had no wish to fire; there was no hatred for

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the Australian in his heart, but he must needs defend life.

"Stop!" shouted George MacLeay; "here are some other blacks, and they seem to be on our side."

Strange! Whence came these friends?

There were four, and they tore along like wild-fire, pointing and yelling.

These four had watched the whites going down the rapids and had, maybe, admired the courage of the travelers, who let no danger stay their course. At night they had squatted by the white man's camp-fire and talked. Even if they understood little by word of mouth they seemed to perceive that Sturt and his companions were honest and just, and, thinking harm might befall the strangers at the big camp of the blacks at the Darling, they had hurried to do what they could to keep the peace.

The leader of the peacemakers splashed into the river, scrambled to the sand-bank, and gripped the neck of the Black who had approached nearest the whale-boat. He pushed him back; he pushed others back; he shook his fist; he stamped his feet; he glared; and in a loud, rough voice he seemed to be saying that it was folly to touch the whites, who meant no harm.

Sturt and MacLeay and the three British soldiers and the three prisoners sat still; and never

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a Roman in old Rome was more true to duty than this little band of eight.

Honor also be to the nameless black who rolled back the tribe of savages and forbade a deed which his poor, untaught heart knew to be murder.

Ah! if all whites had been as Sturt was, there was noble blood in the veins of the black race that would have warmed with the feelings of friendship for the pale and clever brothers from Europe.

The natives were now laughing and peeping like six hundred little children; so soon does the fancy of a savage change!

“See,” cried an Englishman, “there is another river!”

It was the Darling, sweeping in a silvery plunge into the broad Murray; and there was much grass on its banks, and the trees were tall. The whale-boat went up a little distance. A Union Jack was pulled to the top of the humble mast.

Three cheers! Three cheers from this tiny troop of eight, while the crowd of blacks wondered at the fluttering Red, White, and Blue. Three cheers for far-off England, and Father Thames, and the dear old Abbey, and the cottage where Shakespeare was born, and the farm that Cromwell tilled, and the Round Towers of Ireland, and the misty glens of Scotia!

Onward to the west, to the west, to the west;

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down the Murray to the west, to the mysterious west.

Flat was the shore on each side now, dull was the journey of each day, and painful was the rowing, for the sail could not always be used. The skiff was broken up and burned, its load of pork, etc., being put on board the larger vessel. The meat was poor eating, for its fall into the river had done it no good.

And, oh, horror! the natives. Every now and then a number of black fellows, dirty and marked by disease of the skin, would clamber on to the boat, and—all in friendship, indeed—cuddle the white voyagers and poke and pry. Sturt and his comrades bore it all in patience. Such was the native way. The black brain knew no better, and the wise white took no offense.

Food was running short. The captain was growing anxious.

White wings!

Slow-waving wings of sea-gulls shone in the air above.

The sea was near—the sea! The gulls had brought a magic word from the wide, wide sea—the sea that, after all, is not so great as the bold heart of man! And the voyagers met a black, an old man, who pointed to the south and made a curious moaning noise; and the noise was meant for the roaring of the sea.

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So in February, 1830, the whale-boat came to the Southern Sea. Not that the mouth of the Murray was such as Captain Sturt had hoped to find; for it was a large, shallow lake, not fitted for the good harborage of ships. But that he could not help. He had done his best. He had discovered the secret of Australia's greatest river; and now, weary and half starved, the party turned up-stream, rowing with tired arms, rowing with aching hearts, rowing half asleep, rowing—against Death!

“To-morrow,” murmured a rower, “I must tell the captain I can pull no more.”

He did not know the captain heard, for Sturt seemed to slumber. But on the next day the man rowed, and his English lips said no word of complaint.

In March they were back among the white people, and they burned the grand old whale-boat.

Some fifteen years later the captain took a long journey toward the center of Australia, and if you will read the full story of the explorers of Australia you will learn the tale of Depot Glen—a lonely hollow among slate rocks in a desert—or what was a desert in 1845. But my chapter is already too long, and I must close. It is an odd fact that no glorious stream or lofty hill should bear Sturt's name, but there is a dreary place called Sturt's Stony Desert.

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Captain Charles Sturt, of the Stony Desert, died at Cheltenham, in England, in 1869.

Now, this is what he wrote in his journal:

My path among savage tribes has been a *bloodless one*. Not but that I have often been placed in situations of risk and danger when I might have been justified in shedding blood; but I trust I have ever made allowance for human timidity, and respected the customs of the rudest people.¹

Three cheers for the bloodless path!

Again white wings; and lo! the dove of peace!

¹ I have consulted E. Favenc's *Explorers of Australia*.

THE GLORIOUS PLOW

There's high and low, there's rich and poor,
There's trades and crafts eneuch, man;
But east and west his trade's the best
That kens to guide the plough, man.
Then come, well speed my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman,
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

—LADY NAIRNE.

THE seer had eyes that saw a sword of war and a spear that spilled the blood of man and child. But when an angel flew to him with a live coal from the altar in the house of God his eyes saw very far into the days yet to come, and his lips spoke burning words:

“They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

Now, these words of the poet Isaiah were first said hundreds of years before the time of the Christ gospel. Yet up to the year 1893 the nations had not given up the brutal art of war.

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Humane men and women, however, had so often prayed their fellow-men to make peace for ever that the idea had touched the heart of the world, and nobler natures began to tell one another that the age of brotherhood was drawing near. As a sign of this hope some folk in the year 1893 made a glorious plow.

You know that in 1783 the United States of American had floated the flag of the Stars and Stripes upon the breeze, and the motherland of Britain had agreed to regard the States as free for all time; and it is no marvel that the American people have kept this great act of liberty in mind year after year in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, just as they are doing in the twentieth century, and as they will do in the centuries to come. A band of ladies had collected old scraps of metal that each had a history—some memory of a man, or a woman, or an event in the story of America—in order to make a big bell of liberty. In June, 1893, the bell was cast. But when the bell was done and its tongue rang notes of the song of freedom it was found that many relics of metal not good for bell-making were left over. It came into the mind of William O. McDowell that these things might be shapen into a peace plow, so that men might all the better recall the burning words of the prophet Isaiah.

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Some of these relics were steel swords and steel bayonets, the points of which had pierced the flesh of the sons of women. When the plan was noised abroad in the United States many people sent more metal, and many sent objects of wood that had each a tale to tell of the old war-times. The iron-founders known as Deere & Company said they would make the glorious plow without payment, and the railways carried all articles for the plow-working free; and there was a melting of steel in a furnace, and a hammering of metal, and a turning of wood, and a piecing together with screws, and a rare good polishing; and so at last the craftsmen finished the Columbian peace plow. It had a stout, broad share and a strong beam, and two handles handsome enough for the hands of the most honest plowman on earth.

Indeed, every prince or ruler on the globe would be the better master of his state if he put aside the sword for evermore and grasp with both hands this holy plow of brotherhood, and let the share cut happy furrows in the soil under the light of the sun, and from the furrows would spring the corn for the mouths of children and men and women, for the mouths of workers, poets, brethren.

You shall hear tell of some of the things that were worked into the glorious plow.

Noah Johnson's bayonet. Johnson met an English officer on a bridge one night, and the

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officer raised his sword to kill, and Johnson slew the officer, and pushed the dead man into the stream below; and the river ran on to tell the sea how men shed each other's blood and called it glory.

A cannon-ball, shot in a battle in the War of Independence.

Pike-heads used by John Brown at Harper's Ferry—the John Brown who struck a blow for the freedom of the negro slaves, and who was hanged for so doing in 1859; but neither the white race nor the colored will ever forget the pioneer.

A key once used to lock a door at the Bridge of Sighs, Venice. The bridge led to a prison.

Coins from every nation in the world.

Silver from many mines in the United States.

Wood from a house once lived in by the Quaker William Penn, he who would not attack the Indian natives, but acted justly toward them, and so earned their respect.

Wood from the elm-tree under which, in 1682, Penn signed a treaty of friendship with the red men.

Wood from an oak-tree to which Israel Putnam was bound for torture in the French and Indian War.

Wood from a house in Philadelphia in which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

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Wood from a house in which Washington lived.

Wood from a rail cut by Abraham Lincoln, afterward President of the United States.

Wood from an apple-tree brought from England to America in the *Mayflower*. It was taken over in a tub, and planted in the town of Yorke, Maine, and bore the first apples in America, and lived to a great old age, dying in 1875.

A piece of the first cable laid on the bed of the Atlantic Ocean.

A piece of the first electric lamp made by Edison.

There are many other things in the plow which need not here be named.

You will see how memories of war and memories of peace were mingled; memories of death-dealing weapons and memories of peacemakers, such as Penn. Not least beautiful are the *Mayflower* apples; the cable for carrying messages from land to land; the lamp that flashed its dazzling ray upon the night, in token of the grand new idea that shall master the old darkness.

O plow, live for ever! Cease not to cut furrows in the fields of our planet till all the nations are families in one city of friends, and the banner over them is Love.¹

¹ The facts are drawn from a pamphlet entitled *History and Description of the Columbian Peace Plow*, by a member of the Columbian Liberty Bell Executive Committee.

A BRAVE PEACEMAKER

IN the midst of an old garden at the town of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, grew (so late as 1896) an aged thorn-tree, and it was said to have been planted there by the hands of a noble man who was rector of the parish in the sixteenth century. His name was Bernard Gilpin.

Noble he was, and brave, and yet a man of peace. When he was young our beloved motherland was in pain and tumult with the feud of Catholic against Protestant, and Protestant against Protestant. It was a sad war of thought against thought, faith against faith, church against church, and many an honest soul crouched in the shadow of a jail, and was wounded or slain in riot, or even done to death in the fire at the stake before the eyes of a great crowd. It is not my place now to blame one side or the other. We salute the valiant men and women on each side, and honor their English spirit, though we grieve on the hurt they did each other and to the land of their birth.

When he was a learner at an Oxford college he rose up one day in the midst of an assembly of

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eager listeners and spoke on the Catholic side against a scholar named Peter (afterward Peter Martyr). Peter opened a Bible and gave his view as to the sacrament of the holy bread and wine. Bernard made reply, and there was a buzz of voices that showed how eagerly the people followed all that was said.

Presently Bernard spoke this simple word:
“I think Peter is right, after all.”

This was indeed an honest mind that was ready to own itself mistaken. And, mark you, it would have been quite as honest if a Protestant had owned himself mistaken, and had said:

“The Catholic speaks the truth.”

Bernard was chosen to be a priest of the Church of England, and for a while he had charge of a village. But when it came into his mind to travel abroad he told the bishop of that part that he would give up his village to some other shepherd of souls.

“How now,” cried the bishop, “but the money that the village yields its priest will be of use to you in your journeys.”

“Your Grace speaks truly,” answered Bernard, “but it is not meet that I should take wages for work I do not perform.”

“You will die a beggar,” said the bishop, half in jest, and all the while admiring Gilpin’s honorable heart.

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So Bernard, with a small store of money that he had saved, set out on his travels, gazed at the beauties of windows and images in Antwerp Cathedral (though he was sore vexed at the images) and studied books amid the fair gardens of the quiet city of Louvain.

“King Edward is dead”—so the news was wafted over the water from the English shores.

Something else came from England—a stream of men who had hurried from that country to escape the Time of Wrath, for Mary was Queen, and there was danger to all outspoken Protestants; and though he had no money to spare, Bernard found many ways of aiding the wayfarers, for he could speak on their behalf to his Dutch and Flemish friends. Thence he found his way to Paris, and so back to England and to the hill-country of Durham in the north.

Now in this region there was a worthy bishop who was a Catholic, but had no lust for the killing of heretics—the same bishop who had smiled at Bernard and told him he would die a beggar. And when the Catholic folk of those parts made a set upon Gilpin (who was now archdeacon) and accused him of evil beliefs in religion the bishop shielded him from harm, saying that there was no guile in the man.

When at length Bernard Gilpin made his home at the rectory of Houghton (where he planted the

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thorn) he was allowed to work in quiet, for his name was written in a list of accused men to be tried in London for bad beliefs; and one day a messenger rode into the valley of Houghton at hot speed, and so up the hill to the rectory, to warn Gilpin of the peril. The rector called up his manservant, William Airay, and put his hand on his shoulder, and said:

“At length, William, they have prevailed against me. I am accused to the Bishop of London, from whom there will be no escape.”

He bade William bring a long garment such as martyrs wore at the fiery stake, and he put it on each day so as to train his spirit for the sore trial that was to come. For he would not run from his post, and when the officers arrived from London they found Gilpin in the place of his daily duty.

On the way to London he suffered an accident—a broken leg, some say—and must needs lie abed under the watch of officers; and at that time Queen Mary died, and Elizabeth was Queen, and Gilpin was set free.

He built a grammar-school at Houghton, and I believe it stands there to this day. If ever he met a bright-looking lad on the country road he would talk with him and question him, and if so be the lad showed wit and sense he would have him put to school without fee; and more than one youth

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he sent, at his own charge, to some hall of learning at the university. He bade them write to him news of how they fared, and would himself go to Oxford or Cambridge each year to see the young men with his own eyes and ask after their welfare and well-doing.

A mob of peasants carrying a cross made great havoc in the north of England, and rioted in Durham city, and robbed the barns of Houghton, and took cattle; their minds being inflamed with anger at the Protestant Church. And when many of them were seized and imprisoned and then brought to trial before the queen's magistrates Gilpin appeared at the court and pleaded for mercy for them.

"For," said he, "these poor folk are unlettered, and knew not fully the evil they were doing."

So many were treated more tenderly by reason of Bernard's prayer. He was still strong in his opinion against Catholics, but he had love to the people who had the opinions he thought wrong; and to one of them he wrote a letter, saying:

"If you will come on Sunday night and stay a week with me I shall be glad to see you. We may then talk over these things with more freedom."

Such desire had he for peace that he begged the folk not to go to law if any had a quarrel against a neighbor, but to come—both of them—to his house and reason the thing out; and many a time

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patient Gilpin sat in his arm-chair while warm tongues and red cheeks and lifted hands told of jealousy and dispute; and he calmed the troubled waters as best he could. When any were sick Bernard was soon seen at the bedside murmuring hope or reading words of comfort.

To men in high places, however, he uttered his mind in no gentle voice. Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Durham, had not shown good-will to Bernard Gilpin; also he had let some of his under-priests make ill use of the people's money, and he was too unready to check the waste. Therefore, when Gilpin mounted the pulpit one day he reproved Barnes in this plain English:

“In the presence of God, His angels, and men I pronounce you to be the author of all these evils.”

Whereat there was coughing and frowning in the church. But the bishop was in truth an honest man, for he met Gilpin in the evening after dinner and told him he would go home with him, and did so. And when Dr. Barnes entered Gilpin's parlor he took him by the hand and said:

“Father Gilpin, I acknowledge you are fitter to be Bishop of Durham than I am to be parson of this church of yours in Houghton. I ask forgiveness for past injuries.”

Every Thursday throughout the year Gilpin had much food cooked for the poor of his parish; and four times a year he shared money among them,

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and at Christmas divided a roasted ox for their eating. Oft he brought home the hungry and the naked and fed and clothed them in his house. The traveler and the stranger were welcome at his door, and so good was he to the very beasts that folk said if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country it would be sure to make straight for the rector of Houghton's stable.

One day as he was riding homeward, his servant also being on horseback, he saw in a field a group of villagers standing round a dead horse; and standing beside the horse was the driver of the plow, looking in great distress.

“Don't trouble,” said Bernard; “I'll let thee have that horse of mine.”

He pointed to the horse ridden by the manservant.

“Ah, master,” replied the sad countryman, “my pocket will not buy such a beast as that.”

“Take him, take him,” said Gilpin, “and when I ask money for him thou shalt pay me.”

He never asked.

Now, the land of Northumberland and Durham was in a large part wild, and on the moors and hills and in the lonely dales there wandered rude clans of folk, more like robbers and gipsies than people of a settled land, where were peaceful villages and cities. In summer they would camp out in little tents called “shealings,” and make merry. They

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roamed far and wide on the borders of England and Scotland; and their hand was against every man and every man's against them. Bernard Gilpin set his heart on softening the manners of these border folk; and very often he might be seen riding along hilly roads, or perhaps tramping on foot, on the way to a hamlet or camp amid the moorlands where these rough people dwelt, and he would gather them in open space or village church and preach to them, and none did him harm.

It was a custom of these border people to settle quarrels with knife or sword. Two men would take their stand on a place laid out with mats, and he that was forced off this space by power of arms was held to be the loser in the suit. Such was the eagerness of the people for fighting that they would sometimes hang up a glove in a spot where passers-by could see, and whoever took down the glove would be bound to defend himself, even to wounds or death. And parties would hate parties, and so the land was in never-ending toil and trouble.

Bernard Gilpin preached in a church one day, and two groups of border-men sat over against each other, and presently there was a clash of weapons, and angry hands were raised. Then Gilpin stepped down from the pulpit and stood between the rioters and made peace; and none touched the messenger of love.

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One Sunday morning he saw a glove of defiance hanging on a nail in the church he had come to preach in, and he thrust the glove into his bosom. The people came in, and the moment for the sermon arrived, and Gilpin spoke of good-will and brotherhood.

“I hear,” quoth he, “that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, with intent to fight any one that taketh it down. See, I have taken it down.”

He held out the glove, and then let fall such words of gentle counsel as made them feel how much nobler was friendship than hatred.

Such was Bernard Gilpin; and when Lord Burleigh, the famous man of state, passed through Houghton on his road from Scotland he was pleased to stay awhile at the rector’s house, and he marveled much at the goodness of the man. And when he was setting out on his journey again he paused on a hill that overlooked the little town, and he gazed awhile, and then said:

“There lives a man who has joy in his life. Who can blame him for saying ‘No’ when he was offered the rank of bishop? What doth he want to make him greater or happier or more useful to mankind?”

Bernard Gilpin lay in his last illness, and had the scholars of the grammar-school led to his sick-room that he might speak words of kindness to the

A BRAVE PEACEMAKER

lads; and he died on the 4th of March, 1583, in the sixty-sixth year of his age; and he was called the Apostle of the North.¹

¹ Gilpin's biography was written by Prebendary W. Gilpin. The latest edition was published in 1854.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

ON July 14, 1789, the city of Paris was stirred from gate to gate, and the banks of the river Seine echoed the shouts of the crowd. Men were firing at the old prison of the Bastille, wherein prisoners had often been thrust by a word from king or noble. No longer should this place of darkness frown upon Paris and the world; and on that day, July 14th, the gates were opened by the soldiers, and the prison was entered by the cheering multitude.

Some two weeks before the fall of the Bastille an Englishman named Arthur Phillip was attacking another fortress of another sort in another part of the world.

On the Australian coast, where it faces the vast distances of the Pacific Ocean, a small party of searchers were assembled. They were in quest of new lands, for most of Australia was at that time an unknown region to the eyes of the white race. Phillip and his companions passed from Broken Bay up a fine river, now called the Hawkesbury, and they rowed up-stream till they reached a tall

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eminence which Phillip had seen afar off, and to which he had given the name of Richmond Hill.

The river opened out in such wise that they could see a long way ahead, and they beheld a splendid chain of hills, very rugged and steep, and split by dark passages and gorges that seemed to say, "No man shall enter here."

Over these hills hung a mist that was blue in color.

"The Blue Mountains," murmured Arthur Phillip—and the name belongs to the mountains to this very day.

The party climbed Richmond Hill next morning and again gazed at the blue hills, and then returned to the coast.

In December, 1789, the Englishman Dawes made an attempt. He approached within eleven miles of the great range, but could do no more. The dark gorges were still untrodden by the foot of the white.

In April, 1791, Phillip set out again with Tench and Dawes. The river which they followed wound this way and that, and they could find no clear and sure road, and they retired. Phillip's health was not strong. He had done his best. He had seen the vision of the Blue Mountains, but could not cross the mysterious chain.

For thirty years the colonists in eastern Australia had given up the quest. None, said they,

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would succeed in scaling the blue hills. The place was like an enchanted land, guarded by unseen powers.

It was the man Gregory Blaxland who conquered. He was a native of Kent, England, a very famous county.

In May, 1813, Blaxland went forth with two friends, Wentworth and Lawson, taking four servants, five dogs, and four horses laden with provisions and useful articles. Slow was the pace—but two miles an hour. They had to pierce through a belt of brushwood. They had tried to go round another path, but in vain. So now they used their axes and choppers and hewed a road for themselves. It was uphill work, and the horses stumbled and fell on the steep way. In one day they had advanced five miles. Glad were they to rest in camp that night.

If Phillip, the dead governor, could have come into the camp and in the red light of the fires looked upon the sleeping pioneers, he would have said:

“Brave comrades, may you gain the victory where I failed!”

Next day they cleared a path two miles long.
Forward into the unknown!

In a day or two they came to a dead stop. They were going along a narrow ridge, the sides of which were broken and sharply fell to the depths;

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

and right in the midst of the ridge rose up a very lofty rock.

They noticed some loose boulders, and, pushing hard, shoved them aside, crept through the hole, and so passed on.

Ha! a pile of stones by the wayside. Who placed it there? Some white man. Perhaps Bass, the explorer? No matter, they must march on.

At night the dogs barked uneasily. Some time afterward Blaxland learned the cause. A number of black fellows—Australian natives—were hovering near the camp, seeking a chance of attack on the pale-faced strangers.

Thus for several days they struggled. Grass began to appear, and the horses had a good meal. They now had to descend. The path, if so it could be called, was very abrupt, and the men carried the burdens and led the horses. At the bottom of the slope was broad grassland, and much more was to be seen in the distance. As Blaxland said:

“Forest and grassland sufficient to support the stock [sheep and cattle] of the colony for the next thirty years.”

The Blue Mountains had been crossed, and Governor Phillip’s dream had been fulfilled—by others.¹

¹ E. Favenc’s *Explorers of Australia*, chap. i,

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By others. But Phillip saw the Blue Mountains.

Moses, the pioneer of the people of Israel, had lived a very hard life, and had known many griefs. On the day he died he went up unto Mount Nebo to the top of Pisgah; and his eye took in a great landscape—all the land of Gilead unto Dan; and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh; and all the land of Judah, unto the Western Sea; and the southland, and the plain of the Valley of Jericho, the City of Palm-trees under Zoar. The people of Israel marched into this milk-and-honey land; but he, the captain, died on Nebo.

But he saw the Blue Mountains.

There was once a man in the United States—John Brown; he was a friend of the negro race. Freedom is good for whites, and John Brown—a white man—thought and said it was good for blacks. In 1859 he and a few followers seized a fort at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and held it as a sign of liberty for negroes. He was captured, and he was hanged. To-day the negroes of America are free—and John Brown never saw the day of their freedom.

But he saw the Blue Mountains.

I went to Leicester once, in the summer of 1910, and there was a meeting of the National Peace Congress. We all—women and men—wanted

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peace on earth, and we hated war, and we saw no glory in the glitter of the sword that changed strong youths into dead men's bones. Now a man rose up on the platform of the Congress, a quiet, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, and he looked straight before him, as one who had courage and meant what he said, and he put his hands carelessly in his pockets, as if he felt he was doing a thing he was very, very used to, and then he said:

“I beg to move as follows: limitation of armaments. Convinced that the continuance of the present competition in armaments must, in the words of Sir Edward Grey, ultimately lead to national bankruptcy, and that an agreement for its arrest is practicable, the congress urges the present government to appoint a commission to formulate a plan to this end, and that the National Peace Council be requested to organize a deputation to the government upon the subject.”

The man who spoke thus about staying the upbuilding of armies and war-navies was G. H. Perris. He told us he did not know how many times—it was so many—he had looked into the face of meetings of peoples and talked of the peace of the world.

A little while afterward I went to G. H. Perris and said:

“Come, tell me, how many times do you really

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'think you have spoken in the cause of peace and good-will?"

G. H. Perris shook his head and smiled, and thought a bit, and replied:

"I can't give you the slightest idea how many times I have moved a resolution in favor of limitation of armaments—hundreds of times, certainly, at all sorts of little meetings up and down our own country, and at, I think, each of the six annual national peace congresses, which, as you know, gather together the members and friends of the twenty or thirty British peace societies, and the many bodies which are in sympathy with them. But much more delightful have been the international peace congresses I have spoken at in Turin, Glasgow, Monaco, Boston, Paris, Milan, Lucerne, Rouen, Brussels, and London. Once I had a three months' speaking-tour in the United States, chiefly on this subject, and a second time I remember being very proud of addressing more than twenty audiences in a fortnight—some of them numbering two or three thousand people—between Philadelphia and Boston, and dropping on to the homeward steamer dead tired. Then I was one of the founders and the first secretary of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee, and of the Anglo-Russian Friendship Committee, which took me traveling about from St. Petersburg to Rome. I am afraid, however, that what I have

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spoken on the subject is nothing beside what I have written, which must amount to millions of words."

Ah! and millions more words must be spoken and written ere the huge warships are left lying quiet in harbors like Nelson's *Victory* at Portsmouth, and ere the noble wish of such men as Perris is fulfilled, and all men agree that "fellowship is life."

But he has seen the Blue Mountains.¹

¹ Mr. G. H. Perris has written an excellent *Short History of War and Peace* (a volume in the "Home University Series," published by Williams & Norgate).

SALUTING THE FLAGS

THE STARS AND STRIPES

SALUTE the flag of the United States of America, and cheer for the pen that signed the Declaration of Independence in the red-brick house at Philadelphia; and cheer for the lads that faced the British on Bunker Hill; yes, even on July the Fourth, let the great-souled Britons cheer! The American people have a goodly estate, bordered by two foaming seas, and kissed by the green-blue lakes of the north. How joyful it is to hear the tramp of millions of Europeans that advance over the great spaces from New York to San Francisco, making the land fertile and filling loud cities with wealth.

THE UNION JACK

Salute the flag of England and her oversea dominions!

Salute England! The land is a good land, glorious with memories of Alfred the Great; of Wyclif, the preacher; of Chaucer and Shakespeare, the poets; of the merchant adventurers of the days

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of Elizabeth; of Cook, the navigator; of engineers and miners and weavers; a land of free meetings, Parliaments, Councils; and our love be to the old Abbey and dear Father Thames.

Salute Scotland!—the land of heather and crags and lakes, the land of royal Holyrood and moonlit Melrose. Scotia dreams of the patriot Wallace, and the poet Burns, and the novelist Scott—“Wizard of the North.” Wise were her writers David Hume and Adam Smith; and sturdy are her fishermen, plowmen, shepherds, miners, shipbuilders.

Salute Wales!—land of the mountain and the shepherd, the waterfall and the Druid, the breakers on the shore and the hymn in the valley chapel; land of bards, and of Llewellyn, the king, and of Robert Owen, the captain of industry.

Salute Ireland! Her green hills shelter green vales where round towers loftily rise. She is the isle of saints and scholars of old, the isle of the harp and magic tales, the isle of the peasant who is merry amid his poverty and loyal to the Church of his fathers, the isle of Goldsmith, the poet, and Grattan, the orator. “Erin go bragh!”

Salute the oversea dominions!—the lumbermen and farmers and fur-traders of Canada, the fishermen of Newfoundland, the farmers and miners and ostrich-breeders and the colored folk of the Union of South Africa, the squatters and shearers and

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miners of Australia, the farmers and miners of New Zealand, and the Maori people, with whom the English once fought, and who now send their spokesmen to the council of the nation.

Salute India! —land of the white peaks of the Himalaya, of mighty and sacred rivers, of jungles rich in precious trees and wondrous animals, of temples and prayers and Brahmans, of famous stories and poems, of Rama, the prince, and Sita, the peerless lady, of patient artisans and peasants and ingenious carvers and painters.

THE TRICOLOR: RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Salute the flag of France—land of the broad plain, where a thousand cities have lived their life since the days of old Rome; land of the beautiful Paris on the Seine; land of the Norman warriors; land of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, and St. Louis the Crusader; land of the Revolution and the song of the Marseillaise; land of the builders of lovely cathedrals, of the dramatist Molière, the novelist Hugo; land of engineers and farmers and silk-weavers.

YELLOW AND SCARLET BARS

Salute the flag of Spain—Spain, that drove back the alien Moors for hundreds of years, till the land of the vine and orange was free of them; Spain,

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that loves churchies and the processions of images of Mary and the saints; Spain, that sent her sons to unveil the marvels of America; Spain, who gave birth to Velasquez, the painter, and Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*; Spain, the proud and the beautiful.

RED, WHITE, AND GREEN, AND CROWN AND SHIELD IN THE CENTER

Salute the flag of Italy, the land that was knit into one by the heroism of quiet-eyed Mazzini and the red-shirted Garibaldi; the land whose mountains and forests and lakes and charming coasts taught her children to paint (who has not heard of Raphael and Titian?), to carve (great are the works of Angelo and Canova), to write poems like Dante's tale of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, and to make music such as the music of Rossini.

RED, WHITE, AND BLACK, AND THE EAGLE OR CROSS IN THE CENTER

Salute the flag of Germany. Blood-kinsmen of the English are the Germans. Well have they plowed their wide fields, and turned the timber of their forests into houses and cities noble in old age. Well-ordered people are the Germans, obedient to duty in home and school and industry; and un-

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tired are they in the study of books. Grand is the German speech, which has given us the poetry of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" and Goethe's "Faust," and spell-binding is the music of Wagner; and all nations rejoice in the legends of German castles, and of the Lorelei of the Rhine, and of valiant Siegfried.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE, WITH LIONS AND SHIELD ON THE WHITE

Salute the flag of Holland, the great plain of marshes and lagoons, of sand-banks in slow rivers, of dunes and dykes, and of a sturdy people who never lost heart in the struggle with the sea, and with the strong kings and fierce soldiers of Spain. These green meads where cattle chew the cud (cattle painted lovingly by Dutch artists), these smooth-water canals, these windmills, these ancient towns and bell-towers and market-places, have seen the faith and patience and industry of a noble race—the heroic leadership of William the Silent, the manly fight of the "Beggars" against the foreign enslavers, the stout heart of gray-haired Barneveld, who died a patriot's death on the scaffold; the pure soul of Grotius, the clear-thinking writer who told the nations that justice should rule the conduct of one people to another; and the courage of clean-handed housewives, and of honest farmers, and of fishermen on the mid-

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night seas, and of sailors that have dared the perils of the coasts and storms of Asia and the Cape.

THE BLACK DOUBLE EAGLE ON A YELLOW GROUND

Salute the flag of Russia, which waves over the vast scene between the icy seas on the north, the plains and mountains of Turkish and Afghan and Chinese lands on the south. Valiant is this nation in its mastery of snows and deserts, of forests and giant streams; valiant in its mastery of the frosts of Siberia, and in its building of the thin line of rails that carry laden trains from St. Petersburg to the far, far shores of the Pacific. Shining is its train of captains and wise men—Czar Peter the Great; Pushkin, who wrote poems to stir the heart; Turgeniev, the writer of touching stories; Tolstoi, who taught the gospel of love and peace. And praise be to the millions and millions of quiet and strong peasants who have made the field fertile with crops, and felled the timber in the deep forests, and knelt in earnest prayer before the sacred ikons, and poured out their sorrows to Heaven.

RED RISING SUN AND RED RAYS ON WHITE GROUND

Salute the flag of Japan, the empire of the three thousand islets clustered about the four great

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islands, of white-topped Fuji-yama, the sacred mount, of rice-fields and silk culture, of cherry-tree gardens and scarlet-and-gold temples; of happy valleys and blue bays, where fancy sees a multitude of gods and goddesses and fairies; of teeming millions of dark-haired and dark-eyed men and women who love their motherland and emperor and loyally do the day's toil in charming village or humming town. Sweet is the clang of the temple bells that speak the soul of a people which learned lessons from China, and learns lessons of science and skill from Europe, and stands up among the nations, a worthy comrade of them all. Strong and patient is the spirit of the Japanese folk, and the brave little carp, swimming up-streams against the dash of the current and the power of the waterfalls, is the pattern each youth is taught to follow.

All, all, all; salute all the flags of the world—the flags of Portugal, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Greece, Montenegro, Switzerland, of Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania.

All, all, all; salute all the banners of the world. Salute the flags of populous China, of ancient Persia, and all the fruitful republics of South America.

SALUTING THE FLAGS

A VISION

Lo! across the ocean's waters I see the funnels of the world's fleet, the one fleet of the many nations. The day of the British fleet and the German fleet and the Japanese fleet goes by forever. The peoples have put an end to the mad spending of wealth on crowds of war-ships. There is but one navy for the whole earth, guardian and police of the seas, helper of all folk in distress from pole to pole; and over each vessel of copartnership flutters the banner of humanity.

“LOVE IS NOT DEAD”

(WRITTEN BY LONGFELLOW AT THE TIME OF THE
CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES)

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black accursèd mouth
The cannon thundered in the south,
And with the sound
The carol drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
“There is no peace on earth,” I said;
“For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!”

“LOVE IS NOT DEAD”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
“Love is not dead, nor doth it sleep!
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!”

THE END

